

THE
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S
Vade Mecum :

OR HIS
COMPANION for the TOWN.

In Eighteen LETTERS,
From a Gentleman in *London*, to his Friend
in the COUNTRY,

Wherein he passionately dissuades him against
coming to *London*, and Represents to him the
Advantages of a Country Life, in Opposition
to the Follies and Vices of the Town.

He discourses to him most of the Humours, Tricks and
Chicanes of the Town, which as a Gentleman and a
Stranger he is most exposed to.

And gives him some general Advice and Instructions how
he may best in his Absence dispose of his Affairs in the
Country, and manage himself with the most Security
and Satisfaction when he comes to *London*.

*Felix qui propriis annis transigit ætatem,
Ipsa domus Pauperum quam videt ipsa Senex;
Qui baculo nitens, in qua reperant arva,
Unius annorum Sarcina longa cæsa.
Illam non varia traxit Fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hæres aquas.*

CLAUD. de Senec. *Venerand.*

LONDON,
Printed for Wm. Harris, at the Harpers in
Little-Britain, 1679.

COLLEGE OF THE

COMPANION TO THE TOWN

In Eighteen Hundred and Forty
from a Companion in London, in the
in the Year 1777
When he first went out, and
coming to London, and
As a member of the
to the House and Vice of the
He discovers to him most of the
Chairs of the Town, which
stranger he is most expected to
And gives him some
he may best in his
Country, and many
and satisfaction when he comes to London

These are the proper names, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and
The names of the streets, and

LONDON
Printed for John Smith, at the
Little-Bazaar, 1777

~~not rep of this~~
~~the whole of the~~
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lord Beaumont,
Deputy Lieutenant
and Justice of the
Peace for the
County of Lei-
cester.

My Lord,

THE short Experience I
had of your Friendship
and Candor, inclines
me now to believe you will

The Epistle

not reject this Poor Companion, although he boldly attempts to intrude himself upon your Honour's Protection. Indeed I am no great Friend to the *Common Vanity* of *Letters Dedicatory*, and therefore in making my Court to you, instead of troubling you with an impertinent *Dinn of Compliments*, I shall only tell you the *naked Cause* that urg'd me to lay these Papers before you.

Sir, 'tis the general Character you bear of a true *English Gentleman*, One that in all Respects, both by your
Pra-

Dedictory.

Practice and President, are
duly qualified to vindicate
and assert the Rights and
Privileges of a *Country Life*;
and that it is *that* has forc'd
upon you *the Patronage* of
these few Letters, which if
you think worth your Perusal
and Owning (and truly *that* at
present is the most disturbing
Consideration) you'll soon
find that the *Country Gentle-*
man has not more Need of a
City Companion, than the *City*
Companion has of a *Country*
Patron.

Well, my Lord, he humbly
flies to you for Safeguard, and

The Epistle

who so fit to shelter and defend him as he that not only enjoys the *Blessings* of a well-order'd Country Life, but withal knows, but hates and scorns, the *Follies and Vices* of the *Town*.

Sir, I am affraid, considering what a Lewd World this Poor Companion is to make his Progress in, if I should turn him out alone, some Bully, Sharper, &c. would meet and use him rudely, which they dare not, so long as he continues under the *Shadow* of your *Protection*; for once, then,

Dedicatory.

then, Sir, be pleased to take him into your Care, at least foster him for a Night or two, till you have examin'd his Credentials, and then dispose of him as you shall think fit.

But, Sir, while I am thus importuning you for another I forget my self, who perhaps may more want an *Advocate* to excuse the Boldness and Trouble of the Dedication than the Book itself does a *Patron*, and some body to plead for the Errours and Frailties of it. There's nothing, that I know,

The Epistle, &c.

but an extraordinary Principle of Generosity can engage you, either to *forgive the one* or *accept the other*, and *that*, at a venture, I will depend upon, who am,

My Lord,

Your Honour's

most obedient Servant

Ed. S---cy.

THE

THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
READER.

THE giving Advice and
Reproof, has been al-
ways justly reputed one of the
most Exalted Acts of Friendship
that can pass between Man and
Man, but then they're so com-
monly mis-apply'd, or, what's as
bad,

The Epistle

bad, misunderstood, that like a shot ill aim'd, they either mount too high and fly over, or descend too low and drop short, and so never comes near the Mark they're first levell'd at.

This is the common fate in most Cases, but then, when they're Intermixt too with an Ungrateful Representation of Men and Things, they are still more difficult : So that in such a Case, 'tis next to an Impossibility to recommend 'em with any tolerable Advantage or Success.

As for this Poor Vade Mecum, 'tis so small and trivial in

To the Reader.

it self, that it can hardly justify even its Pretensions to an Epistle; but then considering what kind of Persons it is to Encounter, 'twill be necessary, I think, to premise a few things to prevent mis-constructions and mistakes.

The General Design, I presume, I need not mention; the Title has done that before, i. e. that it is intended for, A Companion for Country Gentlemen and Strangers, first to discover and expose, and then to Guard and Fortify 'em against the Cheats, Vices and Follies of the Town.

That's

The Epistle

That's the Design of it indeed, and how far 'twill Answer that Design, must be left intirely to the Judgment of the Reader only with this short Caution, that if he pleases he may do the Author this Justice, to consider that he's Writing Letters; and then if his Characters and Representations are a little more abrupt and short than they might, or perhaps ought to be in other Cases; That's a very good Plea and Excuse for 'em.

For the Persons and Things that are here Expos'd and Represented, I presume, that no Gentleman that has liv'd in
Lon-

To the Reader.

London any considerable time, but will allow 'em to be true in the main; and that furnish's me with an Answer to an unkind Reflection, which I perceive lies very ready to be cast upon me, i. e. That a Man must consequently be a very Vicious Person himself that is Qualified, to give a general Description of the Cheats and Vices of a Lewd Town; But why so I wonder, they may as well repute a Man to be a Good Christian, because he has gathered up some general Notions and Texts of Scripture, which he makes no other use of then to deceive the World, or prate over at a Tavern, or an Ale-House.

The

The Epistle^T

The Case is the very same, and truly, I can't conceive why a Person that has Eyes and Ears, and a little understanding can't have a Cursory Knowledge of these matters, without being any other ways concern'd than as an Observer ; If some Peoples Intellects are not so good as others, who can help it ? In short, this Reflection is so Dull and Ridiculous, that 'tis below an Answer. I'm confident, there's none but the very Cheats and Jilts, and such sort of Rabble will make any use of it, and let them e'n take it and make their most on't.

Well,

To the Reader.

Well, but that I may not incur My Lords Herbert Censure, make my Porch too big for my House, Let it be but allow'd, that I have made any advances towards the destruction or discovery of Vice, and but one tho the shortest step towards the Support and Defence of Vertue, which I suppose, few will be so hardy or unjust to deny, I have gain'd my Grand Point ; and for the rest, I Humbly submit it to the future success of this small Country Gentleman's Companion.

T H E

To the Reader

Well, but I must not
say, My Lords, I have
just, make my French too big
for my House, let me
afford, that I have made my
advances towards the distinction
or necessity of Vice and
one the least step towards
the report and Defense of
the Republic of France, and
to bring or bring to bear, it has
gained my Grand Point, and
for the rest, I humbly beg
to the future success of this
Country, Gentlemen, I am
pardon

THE

THE
CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

Wherein the Countrey Gentleman is passionately Caution'd against coming to London, and then shew'd his mistake with regard to his City Conversation.

II.

In which the Diversions and Pleasures of a Country Life are vindicated and asserted, to be much preferable to those of the Town upon many Accounts.

III.

IV.

The Contents.

III.

In which is Demonstrated, that the Countrey has in the general the same opportunities of Education as the Town, and in some respect a great many more,

III.

In which is a general Reflection upon the manners and humours of the Town, together with a Description of the present State and Condition of it,

V.

Wherein is a general dissuasive against Idleness ; with the Character of a Set.

VI.

In which are the Characters of a Beau and a Gamester, with particular Reflections upon the cause and consequence of Idleness:

VII.

The Contents.

VII.

In which the Humours, Customs and Tricks of the Play-House, are briefly discover'd and expos'd.

VIII.

Being a Continuation of the humours of the Play-House, with some short observations upon their constitution and manner of Government.

IX.

In which the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of the Tennis-Courts, are briefly expos'd and detected.

X.

Wherein the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of Bowling-Greens, are discover'd, together with an Account of their methods of Betting, &c.

The Contents.

XI.

Wherein the Humors of the Groom Porter's, and the Cheats of Ornaries, and other Gaming-houses, are Expos'd; with the several ways of managing their False Dice; and the Hazards and Mischiefs that are consequent to 'em.

XII.

In which is Represented the Method, Odds and Managements of the Royal Oak Lottery, the Nature of their Constitution and Establishment; together with a short Account of the Evil Practices and Inconveniences of Lotteries in general.

XIII.

In which the Humors and Tricks of Cockers and Cock-Matches, and the Cheats of Horse-Races and Foot-Matches are expos'd.

XIV.

The Contents.

II. XIV.

Wherein the Villany of Guinea-Droppers, or Sweetners, is discover'd, and the Roguish Measures they take to trapan and impose upon Country Gentlemen and Strangers.

XV.

In which the Tricks of Bawds and Whores are detected, under their respective Characters of a Procurer, a Bawd and a Jilt; together with a short Description of a Bawdy-house, and the Art of Trapping.

XVI.

In which are the Characters of a Bully, Setter, and Spunger, with some general Observations and Reflections upon Gaming.

XVII.

The Contents.

XVII.

**In which are particular Observations
and Reflections upon several distinct
Occurrences of the Town.**

XVIII.

**Wherein the Country Gentleman is
directed in the disposal of his Estate
in his Absence, and in the manage-
ment of himself in London.**

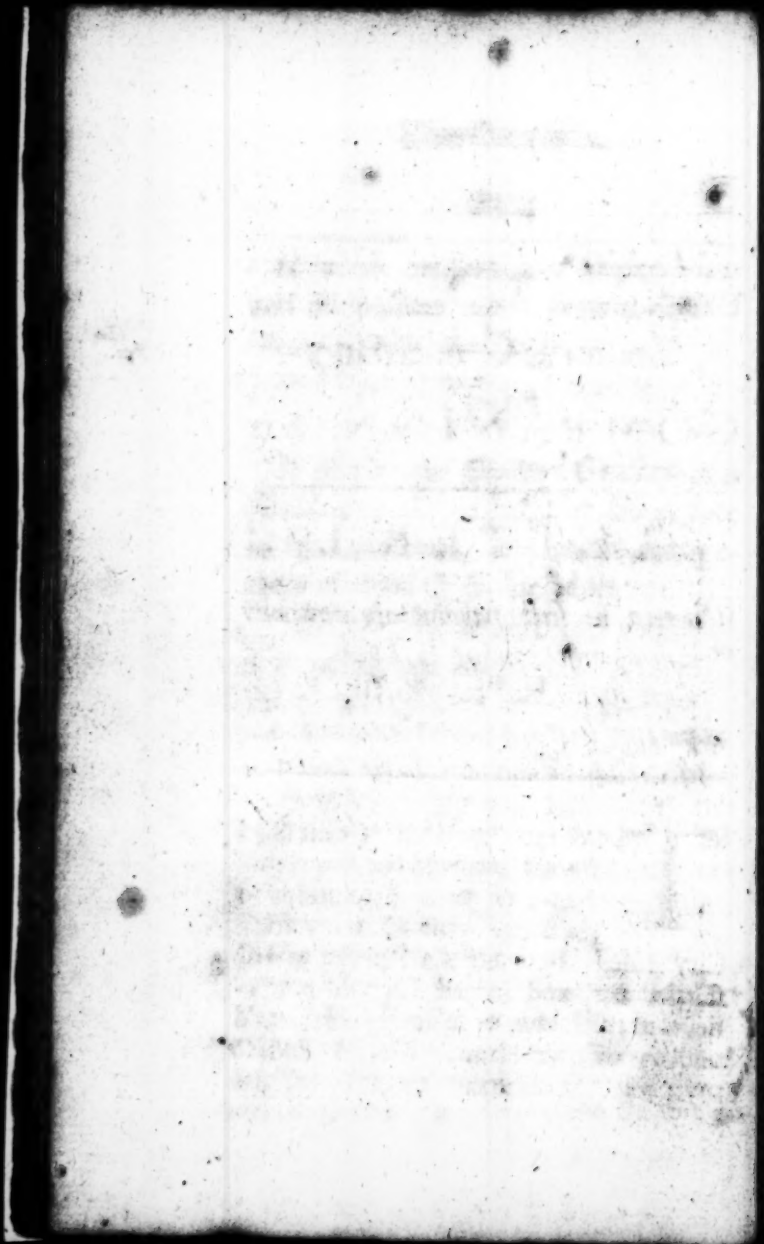
IX.

THE

ons
nct

n is
ate
ge-

E



THE
Country Gentleman's
COMPANION, &c.
LETTER I

Wherein he first passionately cautions him against coming to Town, and then shews him his Mistake in expecting better Conversation in London than he can have in the Country.

TIS but few Days (dear Sir) since I received the surprizing News of your Resolutions to exchange your Conuntry for a City Life. I confess the Report at first startled me, and indeed I would not believe it till I saw it solemnly confirm'd under your own Hand. Well, I find, to my great Astonishment 'tis really so, and

B I will show the

2 *The Country Gentleman's*

the weighty Reasons you give for it, are, That you must have better Company Diversion and Education than your own Country can afford you. But then Sir, is there no way but presently to Horse and to *London*? Is there no room left for a second Thought? What, hath this *London* Expedition enhauns'd 'em all? Must your good old Hospitable Seat, that for so many Generations hath been the Sanctuary of an Honourable Family, be at last cruelly turn'd off and forsaken, and left empty and void, and sacrificed to the Vices and Folly, or at least to the Nonsense and Impertinence of a debauch'd City? For shame, consider a little, and don't let this Wild Thought take too deep a root; and then I'll engage to point you out a method whereby you shall not only improve your self with regard to your Company and Education, but withal enjoy the dear Opportunity of Liberty and Retirement, without being exposed to the Interruptions and Disappointments that must consequently await you in this scurvy Town.

But your Determinations are fix'd it seems, and there's no removing 'em; to Town you will come, let the Consequence be what it will. Well then, since I can't dissuade you from this giddy and hazardous

COMPANION. 3

ardous Adventure, I can however act the other part of a Friend, and lay some honest Cautions and Admonitions before you, by the Assistance of which you'll be the better qualified to guard your self against those Cheats and Villanies, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you are liable to be encountred with, before you can come to have any tolerable Knowledge or Idea of the Town.

But, First, you say, *that the main thing that brings you to London, is for the sake of good Conversation*: Let me tell you Sir, I speak it from long Experience, you'll soon find your self cheated in your Expectation. If it be good Company you want, you must e'en seek it somewhere else, for here 'tis hard, or rather not at all to be found. You may form what Chymical Notions you please to your self concerning the Men and Things of this Town; but, take the Word of your Friend for't. you'll quickly find your Mistake with a Witness. Alas! this Town is grown so monstrously corrupt and degenerate, and so strangely over-run with Vice and Folly, that there's little good to be expected from the Society you'll find in't. There are some few conversable Persons, I confess, Persons of Sence and Honesty; but then they are so very few, and withal

4 *The Country Gentleman's*

so hard to be discern'd and come at, especially by a Stranger, that how you'll do to pick 'em out, I can't tell; for my own part, I solemnly declare to you, *That after twenty years Experience, the Expence of my Money, and the irreparable Loss of my Time, I have but very few Persons in my whole Catalogue that I dare recommend to you, or can depend upon my self for Friends and Familiars.*

No, no, Sir, if you will come hither, you must take *Men and Things* as they are, and not expect to find 'em just as you'd have 'em. If you'll come here you must sometimes expect to be encountred with the Apes and Peacocks of the Town; those useless Creatures that we dignifie and distinguish by the modish *Titles of Fops and Beaux*, and what's worse, be compelled to suffer your Ears to be bor'd through and grated with an empty, tedious Din of their dull *Impertinencies*, or else the squeamish Coxcombs look awry and scornfully upon you, and immediately repute you to be a *proud, ill natur'd, unmannerly Country Fellow.*

Sometimes you must be forc'd to undergo the *peevish Wranglings of contentious Zealots*; at other times be compell'd to ruffle with the *Insolence of Bullies and Sharpers*, or content your self to submit

to

COMPANION. 5

to the Infamous Characters of a Coward and to be born down, insulted and impos'd upon, as often as those good natur'd Sparks shall think fit either to make you their Property or Buffoon; nay, what is still worse, you must be often forc'd to endure the fulsom Steam of beastly Ribaldry, intermix'd perhaps with the horrid sounds of Blasphemy and Profaneness, or else the Gentleman Moralist (as he is pleas'd to call himself) presently hisseeth you out of his Company as a Pragmatick Usurper upon the Freedom of Common Conversation. Sometimes you must be content to be cruciated with bale and false Innuendo's, and sly and injurious Insinuations. Anon be plagu'd with the poysonous Breath of Backbiters, and the serpentine Hissings of Hypocrites and Tale-bearers. In short, in this beloved City, for the dear sake of which you seem so passionately resolv'd to quit your Retirement, your honest Country Friends and Acquaintance, and what you ought to value most of all, the Habitation of your Ancestors, you'll meet with so many exalted Villanies and Rogueries, and so many Cheats and Tricks of all sorts and sizes, that I know not where or how to direct you to begin to form your new Conversation.

6 *The Country Gentleman's*

Here you'll see some pretending Piety, to promote their own Ambition and Interest; others extolling Charity and Union, purely to advance Division and Revenge; and the generality crying out, and exclaiming for the Good of the Publick, that under that Veil they may conceal their treacherous and base Ends, and have a larger Opportunity to propagate their own Advantage and Designs: and these together with innumerable multitudes of Rogues and Whores, Pimps, Bawds, and Cheats, make up the Grand part of the Conversation of this Town.

Now this is Blessed Company (is it not?) for a Man of Sence to be so fond of, that for the sake of it, he'll forgo the two best Properties of his Life, *i. e.* his Liberty and Retirement, and leave his Estate at Six's and Sevens, or at best to the Management of a few heedless Mercenary Servants, that 'tis ten to one, either through Avarice or Negligence, betray or deceive him. Come, Sir, I beseech you, consider again; look once more into the Nature of your Resolution: I protest to you, it seems to me to be a kind of hasty Folly exalted into Madness. What? Leave the endearing Sweets of a Country Life, for a little dull Noise, and rude Jusslings and Confusion. To tell you my short Thoughts of the matter,

COMPANION.

7

matter, if this wild Motion holds, I'm afraid I shall find your Name in *Poor Robin's* Chronology the next New Year.

Believe me, Sir, the Country is so empty already, that a true *Englishman* cannot look into it, without a great deal of just Pity and Concern. Is it not a very ungrateful Spectacle, to see so many Noble Houses mouldring into ruin, and dropping down for want of Inhabitants? and then to behold the prodigious Growth and Increase of this unweildy City, and to observe what a strange multitude of People there is jumbled together in it; who can reflect upon this, but must necessarily believe, that the Head in a little time longer will grow so much too big for the Body, that it must consequently tumble down at last, and ruin the whole? This is a Misfortune, which I'm confident would well become the Wisdom of the Nation to prevent; but 'tis foreign to my Design, and so I will not insist upon't: besides I have troubled you long enough, and perhaps too long already; and therefore will trouble you with no more now, but pursue my Design from Post to Post, till I have either wean'd you from the vicious Inclination of coming to *London*, or at least detected, and exposed to you the hazards and follies that attend upon it.

LETTER II.

Wherein he briefly shews that the Enjoyments and Diversions of a Country Life, are infinitely preferable to those in Town upon many accounts.

SIR, in my former I briefly shew'd you what kind of Conversation you must expect when you come to London; and by the way, I would not have you suspect, that I have been any ways partial in my Relation, or that I intend to be so for the future. You may depend upon't, you'll find the Men and Things as I have reported 'em, and in some cases worse. But let them be what they will, it seems you will come to Town; you're cloy'd with your honest Country Diversions, and so are resolv'd to come up hither in quest of new and more agreeable Pleasures, as well as better Society.

I must tell you that this is a worse Notion than your former; I must own, indeed, there is some small matter to be said in point of Conversation, for this of Pleasure

COMPANION. 9

sure there's nothing at all to be urg'd: 'tis a Notion perfectly extravagant, and in the Judgment of all sober Men, stands condemn'd as a foolish ridiculous Argument; and so will you too for making use of it. We have some sort of Antick-tricks used here, 'tis true, to deceive Men out of their Time and Money, which perhaps may pass upon the foolish part of the *World* and the *Mob*, under the Character of Pleasure; but alas! when you come to take off the Vizard, and look into 'em in earnest, they are nothing else but pure Cheats and Delusions. He that will justify the Reasonableness of an *Adventure*, must be sure to prove the Prize at least to equal the worth of what he hazards for it; and when you can do this, I shall be of your Mind, and allow you have done very wisely, when you have exchange'd your Country for a City Life; but then, in the *Interim*, I conjure you not to stir, till you have clear'd the Point. I'm afraid, Sir, to tell you my Thoughts, you have a wrong Notion of *Pleasure* in general, and falsely esteem that to be *Pleasure* and *Diversiſion*, which in truth is nothing else but *Vice* or *Folly*. I hope you don't imagine there's any real Pleasure in the *Debaucheries* or *May-games* of the Town, that's a dangerous Principle indeed; and if you
once

once suffer your self to be imposed upon by't, you're in the ready road to utter Ruin and Destruction. Perhaps you may expect mighty matters from the *play-house* too; why, indeed, that is the only Diversion we have in Town, that can any ways pretend to a Singularity or Exception from the Country; but there too (tho' 'tis the best way of passing away an idle Hour, as I know of) you'll be encountred with such a variety of ridiculous Scenes and Actions, that in the main you'll hardly find it worth your trouble. There you'll find some clapping and stamping, others hissing and scoffing; and perhaps both without any Reason: There you'll see some a Cock-horse on the Seats, damning and confounding the Play and Players, they know not why or for what; others throwing about their Wigs, and almost blinding you with their fulsome Powder, or tormenting you with the nauseous scents of their Perfumes and Pulvillios; others prating with *Orange-wench*s, or bantering the *Whores*, and what's more probable, the *Whores* bantering of them. In short, there's such a strange Confusion and Jargon amongst 'em, and such a huddle of Men and things jumb'd together, that unless you can abstract the Good from the Bad, and withal draw Observations and

Diver-

COMPANION. 11

Diversions from 'em both, I can't tell what kind of Pleasure or Satisfaction you can propose from thence. 'Tis the very same in all the rest of our pretended Diversions, *i. e.* Bowling-green's, Cock-pits, Tennis-court's, Ordinary's, Ball's, Musick, Entertainments, &c. tho' the Recreations in themselves may most of 'em be innocent, and harmless enough; yet they are generally so vitiated and corrupted, and the Pleasure that they pretend to, is so interwoven with Danger, as well as Vexation of Spirit, that I desire the greatest Master of the Town to make it appear that there is not more Pain and Disappointment, than there is real Pleasure or Satisfaction, attending upon the best of 'em. I dare say, if you could be perswaded to make a fair Estimate, and compare the sickly, feeble Pleasures of this Town, with your own Noble and Manly Recreations, you'd find the latter turn the Scale, with a great deal of overweight. Ours are all but wretched Counterfeits and Impostures, and will hardly endure the Test of a Fruition. Indeed they may be something grateful to us at first, but after we have repeated 'em once, or twice, they grow flat and dull, and at last loathsome: We are here like so many *Bees* in a Garden, humming and roving about

from

from one Flower to another, foolishly endeavouring to keep up our Course of Pleasure, by a continued Succession and circle of Varieties. I'm confident, Sir, if you had made so many Tryals of all this, as I have done, you would not suffer your self to be imposed upon by the roving Dictates of a blind Imagination; or run the foolish risque of being perpetually toss'd to and fro, in the search of new Vanities; or else to be contented to endure the tiresome Scenes of the old repeated Impostures. 'Tis no matter for multiplying Words; besides I'm writing of Letters, which should be drawn into as narrow a Compass as may be; or else there's enough to be said, to shew you that your Expectations from the Pleasures of the Town, are much bigger than your Enjoyments can be; and that those in the Country, are much preferable to them. Your Diversions in the Country, *i. e.* your Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, and the like, are Noble, Manly, and Generous, and do not cloy or satiate their Possessors; but are still improving upon 'em, and are every Day growing more grateful, and delightful; they are not spent or wasted by Fruition, as ours are, but still the more they're enjoy'd, the more they please and gratifie the Enjoyers. Besides, you would do well

COMPANION. 13

to consider the Expence of the Pleasures of this Town: Yours are all free and open, and deriv'd to you, as it were, from the general grant of *Nature*; Ours mercenary and base, and not to be come at, without a certain unavoidable charge and danger: besides all this, all the Pleasures of this Town, may be all run through in the narrow compass of two or three short Days, and when that's done, you do but run the same foolish Round, tread the same Stage over and over again; and what can be more ungrateful to an Ingenious Man, than to have his Sences perpetually grated and imposed upon by the dull Repetition of the same thing? But here I'll leave you; but first I charge you, in the Name of a Friend, to take this Matter home again to Your self, and put it once more into the Ballance, with your Reason and Judgment.

LET

LETTER III.

Wherein is demonstrated that the Countrey has, in the general, the same Opportunity of Education as the Town; and in many things, a great deal more.

IN my two former, I gave you my hasty Thoughts concerning the Conversation and Pleasures of the Town. In this I intend to trouble you only with my Opinion concerning the Education you expect in it. Education, I confess, is a most precious and estimable Treasure; a Mine that contains so many rich Veins, that no Persons can be poor, that are in possession of it, unless they be such, whose Sloth and Idleness will not suffer them to dig out the Ore. But, Sir, as to your Point, the great Question is, what kind of Education it is that you come to London to be improv'd in: You know I am sensible your Education has been hitherto very Liberal and Genteel, and that you're already

ready a tolerable Master of most of the useful Qualifications, which are required in a Gentleman. But supposing you were not, and if that there were some other Rudiments, which you either wanted, or at least had a desire to be better instructed in; why, I wonder may not there be as good Opportunities to improve 'em in the Country, as in this Town. Indeed, if you have a Mind to learn to Fiddle and to Dance, and shew little *Apish-tricks*, or to be exact in the Rules of playing the Fool, or the Pedant, here you may be equipt. I confess, if you have a Design to make your self a good Proficient in the Arts of Whoring, and Drunkenness, or to understand exactly the Methods of Debauchery and Profaneness, this is indeed the Place of the World.

But then, for the Solid and Substantial parts of Education, such as are Navigation, Architecture, Heraldry, Fortification, Limning, and the like, I'm very confident, they may be acquir'd with far greater Freedom and Conveniency in the Country, than they can be at London; especially by a Gentleman of an Estate, that has it in his power, to choose what kind of Tutors and Directors he pleases.

Now Sir, you must ev'n keep at Home; if you expect to improve your Education; there

there you may enjoy the precious Opportunities of Quiet and Sedateness, which you must not expect when you come hither: Here you must expect the quite contrary, to be encountred with Noise and Non-sence, and to have your Thoughts vitiated and disturbed with Wranglings, and Impertinence; which are the very Bane and Canker of *Study* and *Meditation*: But in the Country, all things are generally still and calm; there you have few Cares to bend and torment your Mind, and fewer Dangers to fright or discompose you, there's no Hurryings and Scramblings, nor Justlings, nor Countermining of one another; but all the busie Actors are innocently and industriously marching on in their proper Stations, and, as far almost as the *Human Nature* is capable of, hush'd into perfect Rest and Repose. And now, Sir, can you think of these things, and at the same time retain your giddy Resolution to quit 'em all, for the sake of a noisie poultry City.

I would not have you mistake me, I am not advising you to a sower Philosophical Life, or shutting you up in a Cloister. I grant indeed, that the Flute and Violin, that Dancing, Singing Fencing and the like, may be very proper and innocent Qualifications for a young Gentleman to
pass

COMPANION 17

pass away an idle Interval; but then, I would not have him, like *Nero*, prefer his Fiddle to his Empire; or, like *Domitian*, spend his whole time in catching Flies. I confess, if he could use them as Ball Bables and Trilles ought to be used, play with them at his Leisure and then throw them by, there's no harm in them; but they are rather an Accomplishment. To make as short of the Matter as I can, there is but one thing within the Compass of my Experience, in which this Town can any ways improve your Education beyond the Country, and that's a small thing in Point of Conversation. If you were so well weighed both in your Judgment and Principles, that you might be turned loose to take a short view of the Town without any Danger, I mean, if you could run through the different Societies and Humours of it, without being infected or seduced by any of 'em, and withal could extract from them too some good Morals and useful Observations; why then, if you did make a *Winter Trip* to London for a Month or two, and stay no longer, then indeed there would be no great matter of Harm or Hazard in it; but to leave your Estate to the Management of Servants, and your House and Gardens to run into Ruin and Disorder,

18 *The Country Gentleman's*

and to come up hither, and spend your Time and Money, purely under the Pretence of better Company, Diversion and Education than your own Country can afford you, is such an unaccountable Mixture of Folly and Madness, that 'twill at once render you the *Pity, Scorn and Wonder* of all that know you. But here I'll leave you to retire into your self, and to reflect in earnest upon the Nature and Consequence of what you are about.

LET

LETTER IV.

In which is a general Reflection upon the present State and Condition of the Town.

HAVING made some General Observations and Reflections upon the three Things which chiefly induce you to leave the Country and come to Town; and which having briefly told you my Thoughts concerning the Vanity of your Prostrations, and in some Measure demonstrated to you, That you either have, or at least might have a good Opportunity, both for Conversation, Pleasure, and Education in the Country as you can have in London, I might have stopp'd there and left the Acquittal that these have receiv'd, at the Tribunal of Reason and Common Experience, to have included all the rest: But Sir, that will not thorowly answer my present Design. I intend to expose the whole Town to you, as the Spartans of old were wont to do their drunken Helots to their Children, to wear them braimes from the vicious Inclination to Wine and Debauchery. I intend to lead you from one Seat of Action

20 *The Country Gentleman's*

to another, and give you a short View of most of the *Dangers, Tricks and Villanies* which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you will consequently be expos'd to when you come to it. As to the Town it self, 'Tis a kind of large Forreſt of Wild Beasts, where most of us range about at a venture, and are equally Savage, and mutually destructive one of another. I wish 'twere possible to give you a *Distant View* of the State and Manner of it. I'm confident the Spectacle (if you were not really bewitch'd) would be so horridly odious and ungracefull, that you'd have small Lust to come at it, notwithstanding the Fury of your present Inclinations. The first thing that you'd be encountred with would be the dismal Prospect of an universal Poverty, and Crowds of miserable People, either wrack'd with the Agonies of their own Guilt or Folly, or groaning under the intolerable Want of Bread, or mad or insatuated by Oppression, or desperate by a too quick Sense of a continued Infelicity; here you'd see us all generally busied to trappery, undermine and deceive one another, which we are forc'd to do to make good our mistaken Pretence to a Life of Sensuality and Delight. If you cast your Eye upon the Court, you'd see but few there but Rascals

terers and Hypocrites, except it be some
nauseous useles Creatures that are only
fix'd there for Show, and indeed are fit
for nothing else. If you look into *West-*
minster Hall among the Lawyers, there
you'll be entertain'd with little else but
hideous Complaints for Want of Money
and Business, and find 'em all so sower
and ill natur'd, that you can hardly speak
to any of 'em without endangering your
Nose. Look among the Religious preten-
ders and you'll see them in the very same
Condition, all furiously hating, and un-
charitably censuring one another, snapping,
snarling, grinning and biting, and almost
every Party wishing all the rest damn'd,
but just those few that agree with them
in their own Opinion and Judgment.
Observe the Shops, and you'll see an Uni-
versal Discontent and Melancholy hanging
in the Faces of their respective Owners.
You would see all these things, and many
other unpleasant and tormenting Objects.
And what sensible Man then would not
be mightily rejoyc'd and satisfy'd that his
better Fortune hath remov'd him from
hence, out of the Noise and Participation
of all these Evils and Calamities, and be
constantly alarm'd, afraid and disturb'd
that some cross and malicious Accident
should force him hither.

22 *The Country Gentleman's*

Consider, I beseech you, what are the Advantages and Goods of this Town, that can give you any just Reason to be so fond of it; or what Evils in the Country that can render it so odious and obnoxious to you, and engage you to forsake it in such a *Hurry and Affright*. Suppose you were now at some convenient Stand, from whence you might take a full and deliberate View and Prospect of *them both*, and were just making a Pause to *survey* and *compare* them one with another, suppose that having viewed over all the Comforts and Enjoyments of a *Country Life*, and the Blessings and Sweets of *Retirement and Liberty*, you were now looking forward upon the Town, and that *all in a View* you saw the *strange Hurries and Impertinencies, the busy Scramblings and Underminings*, and, what is worse, the *monstrous Villanies, Cheats and Impostures* in it; suppose, I say, that both these were in your View, *i. e.* the *Content, Happiness, and Quiet of the Country, and the Disturbance, Hazard and Noise of the City*. In such a Case, I hope I need not direct you to make your Election. Well, the Case is the very same, and if *true innocent Delight and Diversion* be preferable to *Debauchery and Excess*: If *Liberty* be better than *Confinement*, if a *wholsom open*

Air

COMPANION. 23

Air be better than contagious Smoak and Stink, and a quiet easie Life better than a Life of Noise, Vexation and Disappointment, why then the Country is better than the Town, and there is none but Madmen or Fools will venture to exchange the one for the other, and, *like the Dog in the Fable*, relinquish their Substance to catch at such a perfect Shadow.

And, now ~~you~~, who can sufficiently wonder at your Infatuation, that you should object against the Dismission of so treacherous a Thought, such a viperous Inclination, that certainly will gnaw and devour all *your true Happiness and Felicity*. This is a Pitch certainly beyond the Common Degree of Folly; there must be some Enchantment, some powerful Philtrum in it, that can make you unhappily in love with any thing so much *below your self*, and, what's worse, *so very much deform'd, and a Filt beside*. But I must not trouble you too long at a time, and therefore, in short, if you will indeed render your self a Comperent Judge, whether a *Country Life be a Pleasant or Dismal thing*; enter upon it anew, and endeavour to improve and make the most of the Advantages of it, and then your own Experience will be your best and most Authentick Informer.

LETTER V.

Wherein is a General Diffusive against Idleness, together with the Character of a Son.

SIR, it were the Work of many Volumes rather than the Business of a few short Letters to describe the distinct Advantages that are wrap'd up in the *Comprehensive Felicity of a Country Life*; but it seems the utmost I can say in the Case is to no purpose, your Determinations are unalterably fix'd for the Town, so that I won't give you or my self any more imperinent Trouble upon that Account, but rather turn the Current of my Discourse another Way; and first, tell you my short and blunt Opinion of what it is that hath inclin'd you to this wild Resolution, and then pursue the grand Part of my Design, i. e. to expose to you some of the most dangerous Cheats and Tricks of the Town, that as a Young Gentleman and a Stranger, you are most liable to be catch'd and trapan'd by.

First,

First then, to tell you my thoughts in short, I'm affraid your chief Argument for leaving the Country will appear to be this, *viz.* that you have too much time upon your hands, and to be rid of it you will venture to hazard your self, your Estate, Health, Liberty, and Retirement, and all for Company, nay, what's worse, take in the Assistance of roylsome and laborious Vice, and call it by the false Name of *Pleasure* rather, than be idle. And, what! could the Country afford you no Instruments for Relief in this Case? Had you no Books to divert you, nor no Opportunities to come at any? Was there no Gentleman of Parts and Learning, that you might exchange and deal your Thoughts with? Had you no Gardens nor Walks, no Fishing nor Fowling, nor was there no other Diversion to be found out to deliver you from this intolerable State of Idleness? That's hard indeed. I'm confident *Leicestershire* did not use to be so barren, I have often heard your good old Father say, that you never wanted innocent Diversions there, and that a Country Gentleman might make his passage through human Life in that County, with as much Ease and Satisfaction, as in any part of the World beside; but the Scene is altered now,

36 *The Country-Gentlemen*

now, it seems; your Father was a dull, old phlegmatick Fellow, and only hug'd himself in a little old-fashion'd Country Happiness, a little, good, honest, downright House-keeping, &c. All which, in these Latter Days, are grown the Scorn and Aversion of our new-fashion'd Country.

Indeed Sir, I must agree with you, that *Idleness* is a very dangerous thing, and the fertile Seminary of almost all other Vices; but then I cannot grant that *London* is a proper Place to remove you out of the reach of it. A Gentleman here is in the main a Creature that's compos'd of nothing but *Pleasure and Idleness*, that, like the *Leviathan in the Deep*, thinks he hath little else to do in the Town but to take his pastime in't. I'll give you a short Account how some of our true-bred *City Gentlemen* manage their time, and then leave you to make your own Inference.

In this Town we have three distinct Sorts of Idle Companions, which may be properly differenced by the Respective Titles of *Sots*, *Beaus*, and *Gamesters*; and perhaps it may not be much amiss if I trouble you with a short Character of each of 'em, as far as 'tis consistent with my present Design. At worst, it will either

then serve to divert or caution you, and if it does but one of 'em, I'm satisfied.

The Character of a Sot.

A Sot is a kind of sluggish filthy Animal, that by a continued course of Lewdness and Debauchery, has intirely rub'd out the goodly Impression Nature at first made upon Him; and is degenerated in the strictest Sence, from a Man to a Beast. He's distinguishable from the rest of his *Species*, both by his Smell, Garb, Shape, and Aspect; you may discern him by his dirty Hands and Face, his foul Linnen, sore Eyes, stinking Breath, and twenty other Badges of his Character, which he constantly carries about him. His Method of Living, is generally thus: About Twelve or One, he commonly rises, and when he has carelessly hung on his Equipage, he steers his Course directly for the Tavern; and to quench the flames of his Last night's Debauchery, calls first for a Cooler of *White-wine* and *Ale* mixt together; and when he has taken a swinge or two of that, he sends for the Master of the House: *Smith*, says he (with a kind of Vanity) *I was damnable drunk last Night, and my Stomack is a little uneasy this Morning; I think we had best try what a Quart*

of

of Hock for a *Whet* will do: By that time this is drunk, and perhaps another, and a Pipe or two of *Tobacco* smoak't into the Bargain, in comes the *Dinner*; if he can eat a bit, so, but 'tis ten to one whether he can or not; however he can drink as well as the best of 'em, and therefore sits down with them for Company. Here the half *Flask* must be call'd for in Course, and the good *Mistress* of the House Health begun in a *Bumper*, with so many other endearing *Healts*, that 'tis ten to one but he's more than half sea's over, before the *Cloth* is remov'd. If he can get any body to bear him Company, here he fixes till he's so thorowly drunk, that a *Pass* of *Drawers* and *Porters* are forc'd to be call'd in to lug him into a *Chair*, or *Coach*, to carry him out of *Harms-way* to his own *Lodgings*: But if he can prevail with no body to do him the *Favour* to stay here, and be drunk with him, then in a sort of hazy condition, he blunders to the *Play-house* (the general Place of *Rendez-vous*) where he sleeps, farts, and stinks for an Hour or two, and so returns perhaps to his former *Vomit*. The *Peasants* know him well enough, and keep as far out of his reach as they can, especially the *Beaus*; for, if he chance to fall foul upon one of them, he certainly ruins him for the

that Voyage, or at least forces him, upon the ungrateful Inconveniency, to steer to the next Barber's Shop, to new Rig and Mundifie. Perhaps some Antiquated Whore, that for Company's sake can drink and smoke a Pipe, and be drunk as well as he, for want of a better Adventure, hails him to her, and lays him aboard; and if she can but once decoy him to a Tavern, she ply's him so very warmly, that she soon makes him quite up, then dexterously picks his Pocket, and so leaves him. And this is the way a great many of these sort of Gentry in this Town pass away their Lives till an Habitual Course of *Sottishness* and *Debauchery*, hath either made them insensible, or thrown them into a *Fever*, or some other dangerous Distemper, which carries them off entirely; or at least brings the *Gout*, *Stone*, *Gravel*, *Strangury*, or some such thing upon them, by which the whole Remainder of their Lives is render'd bitter and uncomfortable.

But Sir, I remember the Caution you gave me in your last, &c. to make my Letters as short as I could; and so I'll desist for the Character of the other two idle Companions till my next.

LETTER VI

In which are the Characters of a Beau and a Gamester, together with some short Reflections upon Idleness in general.

The Character of a Beau.

A Beau is a Creature of a Nature so different and disagreeable to the former, that you'd hardly take him to be of the same Species; and his time cut out to quite contrary uses; some of it is spent in the idle pursuit of Modes and Fashions, in contriving his Cloaths, and putting them on with the most Advantage; another part of his time is confin'd in admiring Himself, or projecting to be admir'd by others, and the rest in hearing of Flatteries, and reflecting and ruminating upon them. The first three Hours of every Day, are constantly dedicated to the setting his Wig and Cravat, pulling his Stockings, redning his Lips, and painting his nauseous Phiz, and the like. When he thinks

thinks he has manag'd himself in the best order as may be, perhaps he stalks majestically to the Coffee-house, where he vizits some-body with an Hour's Impertinence, drinks his dish of Tea, and is laugh'd at, and then, forsooth, he must have a Chair call'd, to carry him to a Lady, that (it may be) does him only the Honour after all, to let him dine with her Dog, and her *Belgalls*; or perhaps, if she be in a very good Humour, and wants a little Sport, will admit him to the favour to play a Game at Cards with her, till she has won his Money, and made him the common Buffoon to the Company, and then she dismisseth him with a jest: From hence, perhaps, he marches to another, and tells her a thousand Stories, how kind my Lady ~~was~~ was so kind, what a plentiful Dinner they had, and how earnestly she prest him to stay longer with her; in short, 'tis ten to one but his Company soon grows ungrateful there too. Ladies don't often love such Fools, that are fit for nothing but to be stuck up in a Garden to fright the Birds from the Fruit, which they can do none of themselves; and To be rid of him, one of the Maids has the Sign given her, to take him aside and tell him that her Mistress expects Visitors, and his Company won't be convenient.

From

From hence, it may be, he walks to the *Play-house*, where his chief Business is to observe the Ladies in the Boxes, and to expose himself to 'em: when the Play is done, he places himself at one of the Doors of the House, and stands ready to offer his Hand to help them severally into their Coaches; if there be ever a One, that will take him home with her, well and good; if not, by the help of a Link, he picks his way to the *Groom Porter's*, where he lolls about for another hour or two, and then the business of the Day is done with him. If there be any broken intervals, which cannot be so well devoted to these Set and Solemn Rappories, those are commonly glean'd up by some other little insignificant Trifles; so that the main of his whole Life, is nothing else but one continued Scene of Folly and Impertinence.

The Character of a Gamester.

A *Gamester* is a sort of Composition of both these together, half *Sot*, half *Beast*; and in his Nature and Constitution, worse than either of them. Indeed I want a Name for him; and if he be a profest *Gamester*, and has taken up the Trade

COMPANION. 33

Trade purely for a Livelihood, he's no more fit to be admitted into the Society of Country Gentlemen, than a Mad Dog is to be turn'd loose into a Kennel of Beagles; where if he sets his venomous Teeth into any of 'em, they consequently run mad too, and so are fit for nothing but to be worm'd, or hang'd, to prevent the Infection of the rest of the Company. These, forsooth, range the Town in the Garb, and under the Characters of Gentlemen; and indeed some of 'em are so Originally, but then in their Practices they are not only a Reproach to their Family, but to their Title too. 'Tis a worthy Employment for a Gentleman, is it not to make it his Business to find out Young Heirs of much Wealth, and little Prudence, and to rook 'em at Play, or entangle 'em into Suretiship, or perhaps, betray 'em into some mean and unequal Matches? This is their common Practice; and when they have hit of such a One, they seize upon him with as much eagerness, and observe him with the same joy, as a Vulture does the fall of a Carcase: But I shall have other Opportunities to speak with them in their proper Places; and therefore I'll wave them now. As to the Gentlemen that use Gaming, as their ordinary Method, to

D

squander

34 *The Country Gentleman's*

squander away their Time, their usual Custom is this: To spend their Morning at the Tennis Court, their Afternoon at the Bowling Green, their Evening at the Play House; from thence to their Mistress; from her, to the Groom Porter's; from the Groom Porter's, to the Tavern; and from thence, perhaps (if they don't commit some Outrages, that obliges the Watch to secure 'em from further Mischief) about four or five in the Morning they get drunk to Bed. In short, Sir, a *Gamster* is a Composition of almost all the Vices of the Town jumbld together; his ordinary *Dialect* is Swearing and Cursing, and his Occupation solely depends upon Lying, Falshood, and Perjury. His Life's a perfect *Lottery*, and a *Hazard-table*; to day he's a *Squire*, and so proud and insolent, no body can speak to him; to Morrow he's a *Beggar*, and as meek as a *Lamb*; and but lend him a *Guinea* to set him up, you may say or do what you will to him: To have done with him, his time is so equally divided between Vice, Folly, and Impertinence, and commonly so taken up and forestall'd by his Designs and Projects, and which way to manage his Cheats and Adventures, or at least he's so harrass'd and fatigu'd with his Losses and Disappointments, that his whole

whole Thoughts, and that together, are lost in the hurry: And thus he lives an absolute Slave, and dies a perfect Wretch.

You see, Sir, how these sort of *Sparks* ply their time; and truly, most of your *Country Gentlemen*, that come to *London* purely to spend their Money, and to see Fashions, fall under one of these Denominations. Well, what can make Men, *Gentlemen* especially (that are distinguish'd by several extraordinary Advantages from the rest of their kind) suffer themselves to be impos'd upon by these kind of Follies, I know not: *Idleness* is certainly the grand Cause, and according to that common Principle of Nature, they must be doing of Mischief, when they can find out no other Employ. But then, has *Vertue* lost her Prerogative? Is she grown in this last Age so old and deform'd, that she has quite lost all her Charms, and Endearments? No, no, my Friend; she's still the same, as charming and as beautiful as ever: the *World's* grown worse 'tis true, but *Vertue* never changes. If you would but actuate your own *Reason*, and dis-inchant your self from this unlucky Resolution, you'd soon find she'd propose a Method to you, both to delight and direct you in your *Country Life*, a thousand times

36 *The Country Gentleman's*

beyond any thing in the most gulfy Sensualities, the City can pretend to.

To sum up all, there's a kind of Justice, that obliges a Gentleman to stay in the Country, and live upon his Estate; this he should do, not only for the sake of Charity and Hospitality, but likewise upon the Account of his poor Neighbours and Tenants, to whose Sweat and Labour, a great part of the Profits and Advantages of his Land is owing. They, I'm sure, shou'd be encourag'd, supported, and assisted; but how can that be, when the whole Profits must be sent up to support the Grandeur, Equipage, and Extravagance of a lewd Town? And 'tis some odds too, whether the Annual Rents will do the business, or no; 'tis very often seen that such kind of Luxuries and inconsiderate Methods of living, not only destroy the Crop, but the Soil likewise; prey upon the very Heart and Virals of an Estate; and many have stay'd so long in Town, till they have had nothing left to retire to in the Country. There's much to be said to prove this Town to be the Forge of *Vanity*, a Nursery of *Vice*, a Snare to the Young, a Curse to the Old, and a perpetual Spring of new Temptations. But, Sir, I said enough already, to let you see my Sentiments of the Matter. My next busi-

COMPANION. 37

business shall be to discover and expose to you several of the most Practick and common Humours and Tricks of it; some of which you'll certainly be encounter'd with almost upon your first Arrival.

THE first thing I shall mention to you is the Humour of the Town, which is a very common one, and is the cause of many of the Tricks and Humours of the Town.

THE second thing I shall mention to you is the Humour of the Country, which is a very common one, and is the cause of many of the Tricks and Humours of the Country.

THE third thing I shall mention to you is the Humour of the Sea, which is a very common one, and is the cause of many of the Tricks and Humours of the Sea.

THE fourth thing I shall mention to you is the Humour of the City, which is a very common one, and is the cause of many of the Tricks and Humours of the City.

58 *The Country Gentleman's*

LETTER VII

*In which the Humours and Tricks of
the Playhouse are exposed.*

SIR, having finish'd the first Part of my Design, and, as I said, expos'd the Town to you, as the *Spartans* were wont to do their Drunken Helots to their Children. I come now to the second thing; *i. e.* first, to lay before you some of the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of it, which, as a young Gentleman and a Stranger, you are in most danger of; and secondly, to give you some general Directions and Advice, *how you may best guard your self against them.* And first, Sir, I will wait upon you to the Playhouse (for thither I'm confident your Inclinations or Curiosity, or both together, will soon lead you) and bear you Company according to the best of my Judgment through the Different Accidents and Adventures which, as a Stranger, you must expect to be encounter'd with as soon as you come there. In our Playhouses at *London,*

low, besides an Upper Gallery for Footmen, Coachmen, Mendicants, &c. we have three other different and distinct Classes; the first is called the Boxes, where there is one peculiar to the King and Royal Family, and the rest for the Persons of Quality, and for the Ladies and Gentlemen of the highest Rank, unless some Fools that have more Wit than Money, or perhaps more Impudence than both, crowd in among 'em. The second is call'd the Pit, where sit the Judges, Wits and Censurers, or rather the Censurers without either Wit or Judgment. These are the Bully-Judges that damn and flak the Play, as a venture; 'tis no matter whether it be good or bad, but 'tis a Play, and they are the Judges, and so it must be damn'd, curs'd, and censur'd in Course, in common with these sit the Squires, Sharpers, Beaus, Bachelors and Whores, and here and there an extravagant Male and Female too. The third is distinguish'd by the Title of the Middle Gallery, where the Citizens Wives and Daughters, together with the Millicens, Serving-men, Turney-men and Apprentices commonly take their Places, and now and then some supposing Mistresses and superannuated Poets; into one of these you must go, and truly, considering your Circumstances,

40 *The Country Gentleman's*

I think the *Pit* is the most proper. Well, when you come there, the Eyes of every Body are presently upon you; especially of the Whores and Sharpers, who immediately give out the Word, to try if any body knows you; and if they find you're a Stranger, then a Lady in a Mask, *alias* Whore, which (as they express it) is a good *Tongue-Pad*, is forthwith detatch'd to go and sound you, and in the mean time a Cabal of Bullies and Sharpers are consulting which way you must be manag'd, and passing their Judgments upon you. The Lady comes up to you with a kind of formal Impudence, and fixes herself as near to you as she can, and then begins some loose, impertinent Prate, to draw you into Discourse with her. If she finds you a Man for their Turn, and a true Squire, with some sort of Subtil and Insinuating Civility, she leaves you a little, to go and make her Report to her Friends and Allies, that are earnestly waiting to know the Success of her Negotiation, in another Part of the *Pit*; here some proper Measures are soon resolv'd upon, and she's dispatch'd to you again with new Instructions, and will be sure to stick to you till the End of the *Play*; and in all the *Interludes* be constantly chattering to you, to screw herself

as far as possible into your Acquaintance, and familiarity. When the *Play*'s over she certainly marches out with you, and by the Way, perhaps does you the Favour to let you have a Glimpse of her Painted Face, &c. if she sees you take no Notice of her, and seem insensible of her Design, she comes to a close Parley with you, and must needs know which way you go; be it which way it will, her way's the very same; and so to avoid the trouble of calling another Coach, if you'll let her down, she'll give you a Cast another Night; 'tis ten to one but this is agreed to: and now she has got you by her self, she begins to Cajole and flatter you, to commend some particular Part; your Shape, Mien, Carriage, Good-nature, and Civility; but above all, the Kindness in taking her into your Coach; in Consideration of which, if you'll do her the Favour to go Home with her to her Lodging, she'll do her best to make you Amends: When you come there, the first part of the Entertainment is, with her own Character, and Circumstances, which she commonly makes use of, for an Introduction to enquire into yours; when she has fully equip'd her self with your whole State and Condition, if she finds that you're worth her trouble, why, then, she's so much captivated with your Gentle

De-

42 *The Country-Gentleman's*

Deportment, free Disposition and your Even Temper and Conversation, that you must needs Dine with her to morrow, and thus the Train is laid that will effectually blow you up and ruin you inevitably, if you give her a second Opportunity to touch it with the fatal Coal. You are hardly gone out of her Room, but in comes the rest of the Confederacy, a Set of Bullies, Sharpers and Whores, and then the Tables are soon turn'd, and you that were but the last Moment one of the most Accomplish'd Persons in the Universe, are now made the grand Laughing-stock for the Night; your Dress must be satirized, your Mien and Dialect but-fool'd and Ridicul'd, in short, they conclude you fit for nothing but a Cobby, and that they resolve by some means or other to make of you. But to return again to the *Playhouse*. If they find their Whore can do no good with you, then they try another Expedient; an Ingenious Gentleman that's born Westward of *England* makes up to you, and he, forsooth, must know what Country-Man you are, or what's a Clock by your Watch, or what Part of the Town you lodge in, or where you Sup. These sort of Sparks are commonly well stock'd, I mean, with Confidence and Impertinence, and don't

don't stand much upon Forms and Ceremonies with you; but, by his Seat, if he'll go along with him to the Tavern and drink at some Gentleman's Health of your Country, which he either knows, or at least has heard his Name, he can carry you to a Glass of the best Wine in London; his Bus'ness with you is of the same Nature with the former; if he can wheedle you thither, first to make you drunk, then to draw you in to Gaming, and then by the help of his false Dice, and other tricks and flights of Hand, the only Arts that he's Master of, he soon gets your Ready Money; takes your Notes for more by which means he links you so fast to him, that without the greatest Caution, you are insensibly ruin'd before you can disentangle your self. But if this don't pass upon you neither; why then comes a third, and his Business is to draw you in to a Quarrel, or at least to try whether you'll fight or not upon Occasion; and if you won't do that, they mutually conclude that a Coward and a Cully are convertible Terms; and so will be constantly teasing you till they have gain'd their Point. His Way of proceeding with you, is either to tread on your Toes, cough in your Face, rattle, crowd or discompose you. But after all, if he finds you resistant

44 *The Country Gentleman's*

his Behaviour and grow rough with him upon the Matter, he flies presently to his Grand Reserve, begs your Pardon, and sneaks off. When neither of these can do your Business, then comes up a Forlorn Hope, a worthy Old Matron, deeply skill'd in the famous Science of Procuration, and she accosts you first with a Scriptural Phrase or two perhaps; or if she finds that don't so well agree with your Palate (for some of your Country Gentlemen are not over-fond of Scripture neither) she changes her Dialect into *Bawdy*; and so with a little of one and t'other, and a Check under the Chin into the Bargain, she whispers you i'th' Ear, and tells you in plain Terms, *She perceives you're a young Country Gentleman, and if you have a mind to have a Taste of the Town, she lives in Bow-Street in Covent-Garden, and if you'll come and Sup with her, she can show you three or four Couple of the choicest Strumpets (Ladies she calls 'em) about the Town.* You see, Sir, how naturally all these Beasts of Prey hunt a Country Squire, and if they can once blow him a little that he becomes obnoxious to the Herd, they seldom lose the Scent till they have set him up (as you Phrase it) *brought him to a Bay*, and then they soon pull him down and mangle him as they will; but here we'll leave him, and take Breath till the next Post. LET-

LETTER VIII.

*Being a Continuation of the Humours
of the Play-house, together with a
few short Reflections upon their Go-
vernment.*

WELL, Sir, to go on where I left
off; If you can pass these Pikes,
and come safe off from the
Where, the *Sharper*, the *Bully*,
and the *Bawd*, which I hope you will
do, by the Assistance of the Cautions I
have given you; then you'll be a little
at liberty to look about you, and make
your Observations. The *Stage*, I must
needs own, was originally (till so many
immoral Practices and Irregularities broke
in upon it) of admirable use and Design.
'Twas a kind of Looking glass to the Na-
tion, where a Man of Sense might form
as true a Judgment of the Humours and
Inclinations of the Better sort of the King-
dom, as in any part of the Town besides;
how it has come to lose so much of its
Beauty and Ornament in these latter
Years,

46 *The Country-Gentleman's*

Years, 'tis no great matter to our purpose. If you will come there now, you must take it as Men do their Wives, For Better, or Worse; 'tis already in a state of Declension, and for my part, I am not so much a Friend to the *Mob*, or the *Phanaticks* either, to give my Vote for its utter Extirpation. To go on then, if it be a New Play, the House is commonly very full, especially if the Author be a new One too; upon such occasions, every body that has any Inclination for the *Play-house*, is willing to gratify his Itch with a Novelty.

Tho' indeed I must confess, when I look into the Plays that were writ formerly, and compare them with the generality that have been writ here a late, in my poor Judgment, the *Plots* and *Characters*, and (what's more strange) the *Style* too, is grown so profoundly dull and flat, that a Man must have a very good Appetite, that can digest such intolerable trash, without a Surfeit. Well, let it be what it will, provided it be stamp'd with a New Name, and a strange Title, it certainly raises the *Mob*, calls together the *Whorls* and *Bawds*, the *Squires*, *Beaus*, *Guns*, *Bullies*, &c. that come all crowding in shoals, to hear what this wondrous New Man can say, or do, to please 'em. The third Day,

COMPANION. 47

if by the help of a good *Prologue* and *Epi-
logue*, good *Acting*, good *Dancing*, and
Staging, good *Scenes*, and the like, the
Sickly half-got Brat can be kept alive so
long, is commonly the grand Day; then
you may observe the general Humours of
the *House*. In one part of it you'll see
the *Judges*, and the *Wits*, with abun-
dance of *Hangers-on*, and *Interlopers*, cen-
suring and mistaking the *Scene*, if there
be any, for the *Non-sence*; 'tis ten to one,
if there be any Part above the rest, but
some of these pretending *Coxcombs* un-
luckily pitch upon that, for their Subject
to laugh at: the Reason of this is very
plain, perhaps they may know a little of
the *Merry Andrew* Parts, the dull *Jokes*
and *Drolls*, which at best are but the
Rubbidge and Lumber of the *Play*; but
for the *Flights* and *Extrases*, and the
finning Parts of it, those are utterly out
of their Element; and so consequently
they are forc'd to damn and censure 'em
in course, because they don't understand
'em; the poor *Poet* must be confounded
and maul'd, and, what's worse, if there
be e're a *Phanstick* that sets up for a
Judge, if there's but a few accidental Ex-
pressions, that don't exactly square with
his Opinion, and Inclination, the whole
Play, upon the score of one single Chara-
cter

48 *The Country Gentleman's*

Cher or Paragraph, must be esteem'd a *Satyr* against the Government, and have an *Embargo* laid upon it, and the poor Author be doom'd as an Enemy to the Publick, to be taken into Custody, and whipt, &c. This, within the compass of my own Knowledge, has been the Fate of some of 'em; and indeed I have known One of the best *Tragedies* that ever was writ, stopt upon such a Peque. In another part of the House sit the *Poet's* Friends, which are resolv'd to carry him off, right or wrong; 'tis no matter to them, whether the *Play* be well or ill done, they're engag'd either for Friendship, Interest, or else by a Natural Spirit of Contradiction, to oppose the other Faction; and these you'll observe stradling upon the Seats, hollowing, clapping, and flouncing, and making such an impertinent Clatter and Noise, and using so many insolent and indecent Actions, that I advise you as a Friend, to keep as far from 'em as you can. But, what's worse still, perhaps, in the very nick of all, comes in a drunken Lord, with a Party of *Low Country* Warriors; or, what's more common, a Country *Squire*, that has lately taken up the Noble Profession of Scowring and Revelling; and to shew their Parts and their Courage, raise a Quarrel, and put the whole

COMPANION. 49

whole House into a Hurly-burly; then you'll see fine Work, indeed; the *Whores* tumbling over the Seats, and the poor *Squires* and *Beaus* tumbling after 'em in a horrible fright, and disorder; the whole *Pir's* in Arms in a Minute, and every Man's Sword drawn, to defend himself; so that if the Uproar be not instantly suppress'd, 'tis great odds but there's some body murder'd. These Insurrections, I confess, don't often happen, and 'tis well they do not; for if they shou'd, they might ev'n play by themselves: for, who but a mad Man would run the risque of being stab'd, or trod to Death, to gratify himself with an empty, insignificant Curiosity? And, indeed, most of our *Novel Farces* have little else, but barely that to recommend 'em.

But, Sir, if after all you will still go to the *Play-house* (which I hope will be very seldom, never when you have any Business of moment to divert you, or call you off other ways) why then, if you'll take a few short Instructions along with you; I'm confident, if they do you no good, they can do you no harm, at worst you will esteem 'em (I presume) a well intended Impertinence; and that's the most pardonable Errour of any thing of that kind. Well then, upon the former *Promise*, that you have two or three loose

50. *The Country Gentleman's*

hours that are intirely upon your Hands, and you're resolv'd to make use of the *Play*, to fill up the idle Intervals; your best way is to fix your self in some advantageous part of the Pit, where with the least Disturbance, and Interruption, you may not only observe the Actions and Behaviour of the Actors, but likewise hear every Individual Part distinctly, by which means you may be able to understand the Plot and Design of the *Play*, and to judge of the several Characters, and what they drive at; for unless you do this, the best *Play* that ever was writ, can seem nothing else but an empty Dim of Words, and a jumble of things stuck together, without any manner of Order. 'Tis true, the greatest part of those that frequent the *Play-house*, come thither upon a quite different Errand; perhaps to see the Passionate Love, or Hate of some great Queen or Lady, represented; the Destruction of some Prince, or a *Hero*; or the Rape of a Virgin; or, what's more usual, to hear the Singing, and see the Dancing, to observe some of the little Drolling Humours and *Scenes*, and fine Cloaths of the *Players*. But, Sir, I hope you wou'd not herd your self among such a *Mob* as these? If this be all you propose to your Self from the *Stage*, you may ev'n save your Money, and

COMPANION.

51

and March to *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, where a *Mountebank* and his *audience*, will divert you as well. No, no, Sir, the true Design of the *Stage*, is utterly foreign to this; and to expose and detect Rebellion and Faction, and Vice in general; and to extol and commend Loyalty, Honour and Vertue; and truly, there's hardly any Play (if you take it right) that's acted at either of the Houses in *London*, but makes some kind of advances towards one of these Ends. 'Tis true, *Players* like the Money of a Fool, as well as they do of a Man of Sense, and in some measure are as willing to please him with their Trifles and Bables, as Divert and Instruct the other with their *Encomiums*, and *Satirs*; tho' by the way, I must tell 'em, they had best take care that by their *Farces* and *Drolls*, and their *Jack Pudding* tricks, they don't at last pull their Houses upon their Heads; but it seems they're above Advice, and so I won't go out of my Road, to trouble my Head with 'em; 'tis well there's more Fools than Men of Sense, that are their Customers; if there were not, for all their Huffing, their Shares might be soon drawn into a narrow compass. Well, Sir, to have done with them, and the Subject too, if you please to observe what I have told you; with this One thing more, *i.e.*

51 *The Country Gentleman's*

never to Imbark your self upon any Pre-
tence, or Account whatsoever, in any of
the Quarrels, Humours, Intrigues, or Fa-
ctions of the *Stage*, you may then pass
away an hour or two at the *Play-house*,
once in a Month, but no oftner, without
any great matter of Hazard, and with
some kind of Advantage.

LET

LETTER IX.

*In which the Humours and Tricks of
the Tennis Courts are exposed.*

TENNIS is one of the most Manly and Active Diversions we have in England; and heretofore was hardly used by any but the Young Nobility, and Gentlemen of the Chief Rank: King Charles the Second, was a great Master and Judge of it, and would very often divert himself with a Set or two in the Royal Court at the Cock-pit, with a great deal of Satisfaction.

This is a Game that depends purely upon Skill and Activiry, and not to be acquired without considerable Expence, and Practice, upon which Account indeed it has had the Advantage of most of the rest, and abundance of *Sharps* and *Cheats* have been kept out of it, for want of Money to pay the Charge of the Court, and other Expences that are consequent to it. But this, however harmless and inoffensive it was in its Original and Design, has of

54 The Country Gentlemen's

late incurred the same fate with most of the Diversions of that Nature, and is strangely degenerated from a Noble and Genteel Exercise, into a perfect Trade for Rooks and Sharpers, who perceiving it would necessarily be a good Foundation for 'em to get a base Livelyhood by, have cunningly twisted themselves into the Knowledge and Perfection of it. As to the Game it self, a Person that has never seen it before can make but little on't, except it be any Curiosity or Diversion to him to see three or four Persons furiously running after a few little Balls, and laboriously bandying and tossing them about from one to another; if this were all 'twere well enough, but then when he hears the Marker calling *Fifty, Love, and a Chance*, and sees them changing their Sides, and hears the Players wrangling and swearing about the taking of *Bisks* and *Faults*, and talking of *Curs* and *Twists*, and *Foretells* &c. he presently concludes there must be some wonderful Secret in all this; and so is resolved to satisfy himself a little further. If he gets into the *Dax*, among the Gentry that come there to bet, and has the misfortune to ask any Questions, or declare his Ignorance, they presently give out the Word, That here's a Squire come; and then two or three of the sharpest of the Gang,

Gang, come up with him presently, in order to give him some little Insight, and Directions into the Game, that they may prepare him against an Opportunity to take him in; here they tell him, 'tis all even and odd, a perfect *Lottery*, and that he may venture his Money on either side, for 'tis all equal; and so indeed, in some Sets it is: For the Noblemen and Gentlemen, that are acquainted with the Game, and play it upon the square, and more for the Reputation of good Gamesters, than for Interest, commonly make their Matches so very nicely, that the best *Sharper* and *Judge* among 'em can hardly (before the Set's begun) tell which way to bet his Money; here, perhaps, he wins half a Piece, or a *Guinea*, which inclines him to believe that this must needs be a very Fair Game, that a Stranger can get Money at it at first Sight; and truly, as long as this Match lasts, he's in no great danger; but then against this is over, there's another Set ready to step into the Court, that will be sure to do his Business. The Managers tell him 'tis all equal now too, that Squire A. is a good *Striker-out*, but Squire B. is a better *Back-hand*; that Mr. C. judges a Ball finely, but then Mr. D. plays for a *Chance* much better than he; so that upon the whole, they conclude it a very good Match,

and that he'll see these Gentlemen will make better Play than the former; here they offer him his Choice, or to throw Cross and Pile, which side he'll take; if he complys, and they have taken him in as far as the thing will conveniently bear at once, then the Sign is made to the Players, that they may manage their parts; when this Set is over, which is commonly play'd with as much seeming Eagerness and Fury, and withal with the greatest Equality that can be; why then, with some little *Sham-quarrels*, and wranglings about adjusting the Odds, &c. they agree upon another: Here they Attack the Stranger again; *Come, Sir, you had the misfortune to be on the wrong side last time, tho' 'twas a very hard Match, and no body could tell who had the best of it, till the very Advantage-game; take your choice, we don't cover to carry off your Money.* And so they draw him on from one set to another, and from little Bets to great Ones (till they have stuck him, as they call it) and then, to keep up to their own *Dialect*, they seldom part with him, till they have sent him away sweet and clean. I was a tolerable Master of this Game my self, I studied it at Oxford, together with my *Logicks*, and *Ethicks*; and at last was arrived to that Perfection, that but few

Scholars in the Town durst encounter with me upon equal terms (I wish I could have said the same with respect to the other) but for all my mighty parts in the University, when I came to *London*, I soon found my Insufficiency; and that I must be new Documentized before I must pretend to set up for my self: they would now and then take me in with them, to keep a Back-hand, which was my Master-piece; but truly, I had soon enough of my Back-hand business: In short, I perceived they only made a Property of me, as they do of all Strangers, and so I knockt off in time; besides I quickly grew acquainted with their Humours and Tricks, and saw that there was but few Matches made, but there was either a Bribed Marker, or some Gentleman that had first lost his Estate, and then his Honour, and so was forc'd to comply with the Sharpings and Tricks of the Town, to get his Bread; or some Scoundrel that never had an Estate or Honour either, but had acquired the Game by a diligent Attendance upon the Courts, crowded in among them, and that there was hardly a Set play'd; but there was some sort of Falshood and Deceit practic'd; I wisely disposed of my *Ragnets*, and Inclination together, and left them to manage their matters

58 *The Country-Gentleman's*

Matters by themselves. But supposing for
~~one~~ that the Game was, as they'd have
 the World believe, Iquare and equal, yet
 one of these Sparks ~~that make it their Trade~~
 to hunt about from Court to Court have such a
 vast Advantage of a Stranger that knows
 nothing of the Business, that 'tis morally im-
 possible but they must get his Money and im-
 pose upon him at last.

There are several in Town that live
 purely upon the Tennis-Courts (and live
 well too) if such a way of Living may be
 call'd *living well*, but then they have
 such a perfect Idea and Notion of a Set,
 and so many Mysterious Methods to
 turn and wind their Bets, and so bring
 themselves off which they have the worst,
 that a Person must have a natural Sharp-
 ness of Temper and Genius, back'd with
 a long Practice and Experience, before he
 can be a tolerable Master of the Faculty.
 But after all, if a Man could escape all
 their Tricks and Stratagems, which is
 almost impossible for a Stranger if he en-
 gages with them; what Business, I won-
 der, has a Country Gentleman at a Tennis-
 Court? Why, truly none as I know of, un-
 less it be to expose himself, if not to the
 Cheats, at least to the Laughter and
 Ridicule of a Company of lazy, sharpening
 Companions. Well Sir, if you should
 chance

COMPANION

chance to fall in among 'em, take this along with you, that they'll cheat you if they can; if they can't draw you in to bet with 'em there, they'll attempt the enticing you into a Tavern or Gaming-Ordinary, or rather than fall into a Bawdy-house; they have twenty Artifices which they make use of, and abundance of Baits to throw before a Stranger, and if he stoops for any of 'em, they'll be sure to find out some means or other to make him pay dear for his Enslavement, then into his new Society. Indeed, for the Noblemen and Gentlemen that love the Game, and only use it for a Breathing, thus play a few times, once in a Week, to divers and and recreate themselves, they are above any base Action, and if you could fall in with them, (though I think the thing is scarce worth your Trouble) as there is no good, so there would be no great matter of harm in it.

to *The Country Gentleman's*

LETTER X.

In which the Humours, Tricks, and Cheats of the Bowling-Greens are exposed.

BOWLING is a Game for Diversion, Recreation and Exercise, as well as Tennis; and was formerly a Game for few but Gentlemen, as that was; but as Men and Things are generally grown worse and worse, so is this too, and strangely degenerated from an innocent, inoffensive Diversion to be a perfect Trade, a kind of *see Calling and Occupation for Cheats and Sharpers*. The Number of Bowling-Greens that we have in and near this Town are unaccountable, and the Number of Bowlers, Betters and Rooks that depend upon 'em, and live by 'em, almost miraculous; How they all live I know not, but that they do live, get Money, and spend high, is most certain. Well, but I'll shew you some part of their Art, and leave you to judge of the rest your self. If you please therefore we'll make a short Trip to *Marybone* (for that's the chief place of Rendezvous) the Bowling-Greens there

having in these latter Years gain'd a kind of
 Preheminence and Reputation above the
 rest, and thither most of the Noblemen and
 Gentlemen about the Town, that affect
 that sort of Recreation, generally resort;
 I have seen a hundred at a time at least
 following one Block, and the greatest part
 of 'em, five to one, I'm confident, Rooks
 and Sharps. When a Match is made
 which they are commonly very nice in,
 but not so nice neither but a subtle, old
 Better knows presently where the Odds
 lies; then the Sport begins, here you'll
 hear *five, ten, twenty Pieces* offer'd the
 Leader against the Follower, or the Fol-
 lower against the Leader sometimes upon
 the main End; and very often you'll see
five or ten Pound betted upon a Single Bowly
 they bet nothing but Gold here so that
 a man must have a good Stock that pre-
 tends to embark with 'em. But the Secret
 and Mystery of all is, how one of these
 profest Betters manage the Point; let
 the Game go for them or against them,
 'tis some odds, but they turn a Pen-
 ny, or at least bring themselves off Savers
 at the winding up. I have heard one of
 them say, tho' he lost five Pieces by the
 Bargain, yet by his cunning Contrivances
 and hedging, and his taking and laying
 the Odds (which is the chiefest part in
 the

the Betting) he should be three pound Gainer in the Main. But, Sir, this is all Art that is not learn'd on a sudden; and truly, 'tis much below a Gentleman, unless he has some Notions of losing the Estate first, and being reduced afterwards to the Extremity of wanting Room for a Livelihood, to perplex himself about it. *Marybone*, as I told you, is the chief Place about Town, but for all its greatness and preheminance, it lies under shrewd suspensions of being guilty of sharpening and crimping, as well as the rest. Indeed, I believe the Noblemen and Gentlemen, are above any thing so exaltedly Base and Sordid; but for the Interlopers, I'm a little jealous when they find there's a convenient Green, a great many Citizens, Fools, and Strangers, that they have always a Match or two lying by them, to divert such kind of Adventurers. I have observ'd my self very unequal Dealing among them; and withal I must own was something surprized and dissatisfy'd, to see so many Gentleman, if not concerned, at least winking and conniving at it. Well, Sir, in short, I'm very certain, 'twill be your best way never to come there at all, and then you'll be both out of the Danger, and the Temptation too; for unless you are so much a Master

COMPANION. 63

of your self, as I know some are, only to divert your self with walking about, and observing the Humours of the Company; you'll be in great hazard to be seduc'd into some sort of Gaming, which you may perhaps have cause to repent as long as you live. There you may be equip'd with Gaming of all sorts; if you are for the famous Game with two Dice, properly distinguish'd by the memorable title of *Flintard*; there the *Green Porter* has a Gentleman in ordinary, constantly in waiting. If you're for *Back Gammon*, *Trick Track*, *Picket*, *Cribbage*, or for an honest upright Game at *Whisk*, there's Chapman enough for you: But, by the way, I'd have you take care of them; for 'tis ten to one, if they can once bring you down (as they express it) if they suffer you to rise again, without making a Penny of you. But, Sir, I would not keep you too long here neither, if you'll give your self the trouble to take a Turn with me to a Bowling-Green or two on the other Side of the Water, there you'll meet with both Bowlers and Betters, that are very well worth your Observation. A Gang of such unaccountable Creatures mix'd and jumb'd together, and such a strange and horrid Din of Blasphemy and Swearing (too common indeed in most of these kind of Assemblies)

that

64 *The Country Gentleman's*

that I know not where to begin my dismal Account of 'em. Well Sir, to have done with them as fast as I can, their common Way of Proceeding is this, there are generally five or six that ply at one of these Greens, that are look'd upon to be the Cocks or Chief Bowlers, and these always keep together, unless they can draw in a Younger to make a Property of. Their Way of making their Matches is by drawing the Dice as in most other Greens, and the Method is well enough where the Gamblers are equal, but that's but a blind netter which they have to impose upon the Persons that are Strangers, and don't understand the Cheat; for let the Dice fall which way they will, their Friends and Allies, the Bettors, must give the Sign which Side must win, and each of these has always his Familiar or two near him to direct him whether he should bowl on or off, and for Six pence Advantage they'll do either. Sometimes it happens that they are forc'd to take in a Stranger for want of a fourth Man to make up their Ser, and then things are not quite so well for their purpose; however to make the Matter as secure as they can, they all three bowl against him, and none more earnestly than his own Partner; he must lead in Course and then if he puts in a good Cast
and

COMPANION. 65

and leaves him best at the Block, if the Game be in any Danger, he'll be sure to be two or three turns over, and either toss him off, or strike up the Adversary; and to blind the Stranger, will impudently pretend to justify the thing, notwithstanding the Miscarriage, to be the judgement of the Game; and if he could have struck the other out, which he never designed, they had been up. In short, they manage the matter so, that unless the Stranger be able to beat them all three, he must necessarily lose his Money, and yet they carry on the Game so equally, and with so much seeming Fairness and Policy, that 'tis almost impossible (unless a Man has some *Idea* and Notion of the Persons before-hand) to find them out.

If they get a Stranger to engage with them Hand to Hand, let him be never so exact and judicious a Bowler; they'll find out some means or other to cheat him out of his Game. Sometimes they'll be crossing the Ground upon him; others will be Bawling to him just upon the delivery of his Bowl, and teasing and confounding him with impertinent Advice; to make him forget his Lengths; and perhaps, one of the Gang will pretend to be better on his side, and so amuse him with

giving

66 *The Country Gentleman's*

giving him false Ground; or if none of these or such like tricks will do, why then just as he's acquainted with the Running and Byasses of his Bowls, there's a Gentleman come they pretend that own them, and must have them, but they'll give him another Pair, that are of the same size and weight, and in all respects as good, but only 'tis the Gentleman's Humour to Bowl with no other; and these, perhaps, are either Back-byast, or pegg'd, or loaded, or have some other trick used to them, that 'tis impossible to come near the Mark with them. Sir, I could discover abundance of their little Rascally Cheats to you; but 'tis neither worth your time to read them, nor mine to write them; you see in the main, what a villainous Gang these are, and how careful a Gentleman ought to be how he ventures himself among them; for besides these cheats and tricks upon the Green, they have abundance of other dangerous Villanies consequent to them: they have their *Whores*, and *Strata*, their *Illovers*, and their *Pick-pocket*; their false Dice and Cards, and almost all other Engines for Mischief, ready upon occasion. Indeed, even in the worst of these places, there is a great many Honest Gentlemen come daily to Bow; but

COMPANION. 69

but what then? I can't see the necessity for a Gentleman to run a Risque where there's no occasion; if he will divert himself with a Game at Bowls now and then, there's places enough about *London*, where he may meet with Sober and Genteel Company, may pass an hour or two, without being grated and tormented with the hideous noise of Curling and Swearing. The Game is a very innocent and healthful Recreation in it self, and I think one of the best Diversions we have about Town (provided a Man has nothing to do) to pass away a *Summer's Evening*. I hope you will not mistake me in this, nor in any of the rest; I am not entirely advising you against the *Play-house*, *Tennis Court*, or *Bowling Green*, or any other innocent and harmless Recreation. I know some Divertisement is so necessary, both for the Body and Mind of a Man, that 'tis hardly possible for either of 'em, to be at Ease without it; but that which I would reprehend, is the Excess and the inordinacy of them; the making that a set and formal Business and Trade, which should be only used as a Diversion, and to fill up the idle Intervals; and withal to discover to you the ill uses that are made of 'em, and the Dangers and Hazards they expose

68 *The Country Gentleman's*

a Man to, if he once suffers them to usurp his time, and get the Mastership over him; this is solely my Design, and truly I cannot suspect that my sincere Endeavours in this point should meet with any false Construction.

LET

LETTER XI.

In which the Humours of the Groom Porter's, and the Tricks and Cheats of Ordinaries, and other Gaming-houses are briefly exposed.

SIR, having shew'd you in my former, how some of our Town Gentry spend their Day, and given you some Cautionary hints of some of their Barefac'd Cheats and Tricks, that are transacted in the sight of the Sun; I shall now carry you a little further, and shew you a few of their Works of Darkness; and how their Nights as well as their Days, are sadly consumed and play'd away, in a dangerous repetition of Gaming and Vice; and accordingly, if you please, we'll first make a short step to the *Groom Porter's*.

The *Groom Porter's* has been always looked upon as the most Reputable and Convenient Place in Town, for a Gentleman to venture into, that has a mind to try whether his good Fortune will suffer him to keep his Estate himself, or force him

to commit it into the Hands of some body else to do it for him. There is whole-sale Business, I can assure you, several thousand Pounds bartered for most nights, so that if Fortune should play the Jilt, as she often does in such Cases, you may be readily unquired in two or three hours; nay, if you will in two or three Hands. The ordinary Game they play at there, is *Hazard*, and *Hazard* indeed it is, and a very great one too, if you go in among 'em with two or three hundred Pieces in your Pocket, whether you bring e're a one out with you again. I have known an Honest Gentleman come thither in a new Coach, with a pair of very fine Horses, that hath found it so hazardous, that in a Night or two afterwards, he has been forc'd to hazard it Home in a *Hackney*. But they say, All things there are very square, and honest, good Wine, good Attendance, good Company, and all other suitable Conveniencies to accommodate a Gentleman, whilst he's comfortably playing away his Estate. All this may be, 'tis true, and it may not be too; for by the way, I have seen a *Spark*, by the help of good Fingers, and a little Dexterity of Hand, manage their *Mathe-maticks* something quirely upon occasion, Well, but we must not dive too far into their

their Secrets neither, they'd grow angry perhaps, if we shou'd, and I would not incur their Displeasure upon any Account: and yet I hope, Sir, I may give you a little short Advice, as a Friend, without being very offensive to any of 'em; 'tis only, That you never come within their Reach upon any Account, or Pretence what ever; 'tis a dangerous infectious Place for a young Gentleman but to put his Head into; and many a One by venturing a little too far, has caught such a Contagion at once, that has made him droop a great while, and at last carried him clear off. The old Proverb says, *Forewarn'd Fore-arm'd*; and truly 'tis as good as any in the whole Catalogue. If a Man will plunge himself into Ruine, and squander away his Estate, and reduce himself to the wretched Condition to be fore'd to sneak after every little *Coxcomb* for a Supper, or for a *Crown* to buy him a pair of Shoes, as I know several Gentlemen of good Families, and who have had good Estates too, till they wisely consumed them in the study of these sorts of *Mathematicks* at this time are; let him even take it for his pains. But the Circumstances in their own Nature, are beyond Aggravation, and so I'll leave them, and go and see what they're doing at the *Ordinary*.

The *Ordinaries* are a kind of *amuse-
ment* houses, Inferiour and Subservient to the
Groom Porter's, and are either managed
by one of his Domesticks, or else tolera-
ted and allowed, by his particular License
and Deputation; as most of the other
Games are; the *Lotteries* only excepted;
that, I think, are included in the *Royal-
Oak Patent*. These *Ordinaries* are a Re-
ceptacle for all sorts of Gamesters, and
are indeed very convenient Nurseries, to
drag up Youngsters, and to qualifie them
against their Estates come into their
Hands, to play them decently away at
the Groom Porter's: How such kind of *Se-
minaries* as these come to be suffered, I
know not; but this I know, 'tis a shame,
and a disgrace to the Kingdom, that there
is not some Regulation or Stop put to 'em.
These Gentlemen pretend to be much up-
on the *Mathematicks* too; and, that all
things are carried extraordinary fairly and
squarely among them, as well as at the
Groom Porter's; but, by their Leave, I
have seen their *Mathematical* Flats, and
Bar's; may (for a need) *Mathematical*
Fullams too; and abundance that will run
Mathematically high or low: these are a
sort of false Dice, that are cut and stain'd
so exactly like the true, and withal mark'd
with the same Mark, that 'tis morally im-
possible

possible for a Stranger, that does not suspect the Chear, to discover it; and these the *Box-Keeper* has commonly in a Readiness, when he has the Sign given him, to put in; or if he has them not of his own, there's those about him that never go without them. When they have got a Gentleman, which they design to rook in among 'em; whilst some are sharpening him out of his Mony within, others are tampering with his Servants without, to find out the strength and manner of his Estate and Circumstances, and where he lodges, and what Friends and Acquaintance he has in Town; and if they find that his Effects will answer, and that he's a Person that may be ventur'd upon; as soon as they perceive he has lost all his Stock, then one of the Gang, that's constantly watching there for such Opportunities, takes him aside; *Sir*, says he, *I believe you're a very honest Gentleman; I am very sorry to see you have lost your Mony, and would not have a Civil Man by any means exposed, and therefore, if you please, I have five or ten Pieces at your Service: If he'll accept of the Favour, then he tells him, the Custom in such Cases, as well here as at the Groom Porter's, is to take nine pence, and to allow him a Call upon a good Hand. When this is lost too (as it always is in a little time)*

74 *The Country-Gentleman's*

time) then they conclude he's fixt; and so the Gentleman that has done him the Favour to cheat him of his Money, will needs (under pretence of a great deal of formal Civility) invite him to the Tavern, to take a Glass, and eat the Wing of a Fowl with him: When they have decoy'd him thither, the Person that did him the extraordinary Friendship to lend him the ten Pieces, must be instantly sent for too, who in the *Interim* has made up a new Purse, and is very ready to Credit him with the other ten, till to Morrow Morning, if he has a mind to try his Luck; but he wo't advise him. *Here the Box and Dice must be called for, and the honest Drawer, that knows his Duty in such Cases, brings in the Box with a pair of their own Dice, which they have convey'd into his Hand in the Interim, &c.* And now there's no room for Suspicion, but every thing is carried with the greatest Frankness and Indifferency; and so at it they go, till the other ten Pieces are gone after the rest, and what must be done then: This Worthy Friend has no more Money about him; if he had, he might command it: And truly he thinks since they have won the Gentleman's ready Money, that they can do no less than give him a Cast or two upon Honour; with a
(small) great

COMPANION. 75

great deal of seeming Uneasiness, and perhaps a thousand perfidious Oaths and Execrations, that they never did the like before, and upon Condition too, that the Gentleman will give his Note to pay it to Morrow Morning, if he should happen to lose any thing, this is comply'd with: And here begins the fatal *Catastrophe*; if they think that he has too much regard for his Reputation, or too much Modesty to make use of the Statute for his Defence, or perhaps (what's more prevalent with him than either) will be unwilling that the Town should know he has been a *Bubble*, then they stick him in earnest, so deep, it may be, that he must be forc'd to cut off a Limb of his Estate to get out of their Clutches. Sir, we have too many sad Instances every Day in View, to convince you of the truth of this, without enlarging upon it; so that, I hope, from this hasty Caution I have given you, you'll have enough of these kind of *Ordinaries*; however, for your better Satisfaction, we'll step thither again, and see what the rest of 'em are doing in the other parts of the *House*: Why, there are some playing at *Back Gammon*, some at *Trick Track*, some at *Picket*, some at *Cribbage*, and, perhaps, at a By-table in a Corner, four or five harmless Fellows at *Pnt*, and

All-

76 *The Country Gentleman's*

All-fores; here's no Respect of Persons, here come *Apprentices*, *Journey-men*, *Footmen*, *Coblers*, or any body, provided they bring Money in their Pockets, and come either to cheat, or to be cheated. *Pro hac vice*, they have as extensive a Qualification to Swear, Blaspheme, and Hector, as the most Renowned *Sharper* in the whole Gang. That each of these in his respective Station is a Cheat, I suppose, you'll take for granted; you may as well be cheated at *Cards*, as at *Dice*, and at *Back Gammon* and *Trick Track*, as at *Hazard*; the false *Dice* and *Slights of Hand* will serve for One, as well as the other; there's no difference, as I know of, but only the former is a little longer about the Business. But besides all this, if a Man could be secure to guard Himself against their false *Dice*, and *Slights of Hand*, and was equal with 'em too in point of Judgment and Experience, what business has a *Country Gentleman*, or indeed any Body else, to venture Himself among such a rude Herd of wild Creatures? Well, I'm ashamed to think that any *Gentleman* should sink himself so much below a Rational Creature, to be guilty of such Unaccountable Folly; I must own I utterly lose my Pitty, when

COMPANION. 77

I see one of these Wretches shirking about in Rags (as there's enough of 'em about Town) that are Living Monuments of their own Vicious Indiscretion; let 'em ev'n keep their Rags, their Poverty and Contempt, for me.

And truly I could almost with every one in their Condition, that does not take warning from 'em, but will violently plunge himself into the same Misfortune.

LET

LETTER XII.

*In which the Humours and Tricks of
the Royal-Oak Lottery are expo-
sed, together with a short Account
of the Practices of Lotteries in
General.*

I must own, Sir, I broke off from my *Relation of the Ordinaries* something abruptly: Indeed the Prospect it self was so dismal and odious, and the Accounts of the Men and Things that belong to 'em so troublesome and ungrateful, that I was forc'd to leave 'em in an Af-fright and in Haste. A Sober Man cannot look into 'em without Astonishment. I lose both my Reason and my Charity when I think of 'em; but then how shall I do to contain my self whilst I give you a Description of the Lotteries, which in all Respects are as bad, and in some Measure a great deal worse than they?

And First, for the *Royal-Oak Lottery*, 'tis a Game indeed that is stamp'd with a Noble Name and Superscription, but how

well it answers that *Honourable Title*, I leave you and all the World to judge. 'Tis pity, methinks, that such a glorious Character, a *Royal Oak*, which deriv'd its Name from being a Shelter and a Safe-guard to *Distress'd Majesty*, should be basely subverted and changed to serve the Ends and propagate the Interest of a *Scoury Game*, a Game that (if the Common Proverb be true, which the Town passes upon it; and indeed I'm inclin'd to believe it is) has *Ruin'd more than the Fire of London*; How it was brought out of France, and how it came to be Establish'd by a Royal Authority in England, is nothing to my Purpose; 'tis here, it seems, and here it has been a great many Years, the Managers have got Estates, and the Pools that have m'd it have lost theirs; but all this is still foreign to my Matter, my Design is only by Way of Caution to give you a short Account of the Practices and the Ways and Means that they commonly use to raise Money from the Publick. And this I shall do with the most Brevity and Concision I am able. It would be too long to trouble you with the whole Contrivance of the Game, and the several Odds and secret Advantages which the Managers have shew'd that they pretend to, nor perhaps what they know, and indeed I

much

80 *The Country Gentleman's*

much question whether the original Projector himself had a perfect Knowledge of all the consequent Profits of it. In short, 'tis a cunning, intricate Contexture, and has so fair and so enticing an Aspect, that many an honest Gentleman and Citizen has been seduc'd by it, to the Loss of their whole Estates and Ruin of their Families.

The Odds which they say they have, is only two and thirty Chances against seven and twenty, which they pretend were allow'd 'em to discharge the Annual Rents they are obliged by their Patent to pay to the King, and to discharge the Ordinary Expences of their Houses, Servants and Officers. Well, for once, we'll suppose that their Advantage is no more than this, who, I wonder, but a Madman, would go to play away his Money upon such a manifest Inequality in Your Old Gamesters all allow it as a General Rule at Back-Gammon, that, however a Younger, by Extremity of Luck, and Dint of Throwing may now and then get a Set or two of 'em, yet if they continue the Match they'll in the End be sure to have all the Cargo; 'tis the very same in the other Respect, and several Persons do very often win Money of 'em and carry it off, and so 'tis necessary they should, for otherways the Worthy Constitution must dissolve

dissolve in Course ; and indeed this is the main thing that draws in People to pursue it ; but this is but a perfect Bait, the next time they come, 'tis odds but they not only lose their Interest but their Principal too. I think there was an honest Gentleman, one that got some Money of 'em, and kept it too, but then he was forc'd to have a Mathematical Ball made on purpose, and truly if he had made no worse use of his Mathematical Dice than he did of his Mathematical Ball, I should not be very much out of Conceit with his Mathematicks. This Game has got a wonderful repute lately among the Ladies, especially among the Citizens Ladies, who, they say, that they might not lose time, do commonly two Businesses there at once, first, make their Husbands Cuckolds, and then Beggars ; whether they do the first or not, I will not be positive, tho, by the way, considering what company they meet there, there's shrewd Grounds for Suspicion ; but for the latter they do it effectually. I have seen, my self, an ordinary Citizen's Wife lose her Seven or Eight Pieces in a Morning, and at the same time swear solemnly she has had the same bad Fortune for a Month together successively. How such Citizens Ladies, and indeed all other Ladies that frequent

81 *The Country Gentleman's*

such sort of Diversions ought to be managed, I think lies pretty ready, we have Mad-houses about Town, and thither I'd have 'em all sent and kept under a strict Diet and Discipline, till they had either absolutely forgot or solemnly forsworn the Folly; and after that if they should relapse, let 'em be committed to the Tuition of a Gentleman in a Blew Coat, and let him try if he can Whip it out of 'em. What it is that bewitches both Men, Women, and even Children, to follow this unhappy Game, I cannot guess; 'tis true, 'tis recommended to 'em under the false pretence and Coverture of a great deal of Equality and Advantage; but then if they would but turn themselves about and look backwards a little, they must needs see their Mistake with a Witness. I can produce hundreds that have lost their Estates, and been ruin'd by it; but let them bring but one single Person that has pursu'd this Game for any considerable time, that will own, or rather prove that he's a Winner in the main, and I'll give up the Argument, and grant that whatever I, or any body else can say against it, is utterly false, and groundless. I know, Sir, this cannot be done, and 'tis Nonsense, and a Contradiction to imagine it; but still I am the more at a loss

no find out what it can be that seduces the World to follow it on, notwithstanding the Strong, and Repeated Conviction of the Disadvantage and Ruine that attends it. Nay, what's more admirable still, that Men of Sense should be caught. I have known several that in most other things would have pass'd Muster well enough; by their Foolish Projects, and false Assurances, which they had form'd to themselves, how to win Money at this delusive Game, have rambled from one Motion to another, and try'd so many Experiments, that they have projected themselves out of all that they have, and are forc'd now to hang upon it, to try if they can pick up a *Shilling* now and then, at the best of the Day, or get a Mug of *Ale*, or the Dregs of a Bottle of *Wine* amongst 'em.

Well then, Sir, not to trouble you with too many of these kind of Reflections; there were always Fools, and always will be; let a Man say what he will, there are some People so bigotted to their Folly, and so fond of their own way, that they will not be put out of it, though they know it leads 'em directly to Ruine and Destruction. I hope you will not fall under this Character; you see the *Rock*, and if you will voluntarily run upon it, and

84 The Country Gentleman's

dash your self to pieces, I have, however, discharg'd the Office of a Friend, in shewing you where it lies: and can do no more, except it be to lament a Misfortune, I could not prevent.

But now I think on't, I won't part with these Gentlemen, without taking my Leave of 'em neither; there are still some memorable Qualifications amongst 'em, that I'm confident ought not to be past by, without some sort of Ceremony. And first: These Gentlemen keep an open Table; that's true enough, and a Person that has twenty or thirty pound in his Pocket to lose with 'em at Night, may dine with 'em at any time; but withal I have seen a poor Gentleman that has lost some thousands with 'em formerly, basely and disgracefully thrust out of Doors, for but calling for a Glas of their *Brandy*: nay, and they pretend to be very charitable to the Poor too; Secret Charity, I confess, is the most meritorious, and I suppose, that's the way they communicate theirs, for I never heard of any that they did in publick.

But then, what kind of Poor are they, as they are thus beneficial to? Why, doubtless, they must be the Poor of their own Making; and, by the by, if they were forc'd to provide for their own poor, as all other Honest Corporations are, they'd be

be soon compelled to quit their Country-Houses, and return to their respective Employments to get their Livelihoods, as well as the rest of their Neighbours. Well, but (they say) they have one point of Civility, which every body must allow to be very extraordinary, *i. e.* that when they have won a Gentleman's or a Lady's Money, they'll give 'em Half a Crown, or a Crown for a Coach; that I must needs own to be a very high point of Civility indeed, and who would not after such a Favour, come within a Night or two, and lose thirty or forty Pound more, to make 'em Amends? And this they call a *Paratto*, or a *Parato*, you may call it which you will; but it seems most Natural to me to be a *Parato*; the *English* of which is, *Prepare thou, that is, Go, and provide more Money, and come hither again, and play it away*; that's the true Intent of the Business, I believe; and thus they do too, to a poor Gamester, with so many Curses, and so much Insolence, that none but a Despicable, Mean-spirited Wretch will accept of it from 'em. Well, but, Sir, I must not spend all my Time and my Paper about 'em. In short, I don't think 'em worth it. Besides, I have some other of their Dependants, to make a short Visit to; and therefore, I'll leave them to Re-

86 *The Country Gentleman's*

form and Repent, or, what I rather wish, to be Reform'd, or Abolish'd.

Having done with this *Grand Lottery*, I suppose you expect I should say something in course of all the rest: As for the *Money Lotteries*, that are now so much in Vogue in Town, I declare I neither like, nor understand 'em, and therefore will have nothing to do with 'em. If you can get a thousand Pound for a Penny, or ten thousand Pound for twenty *Shillings*, I will own you have good Luck; but I must tell you, that 'tis ten thousand Pound to a Penny, whether you do or not. I believe a Man might find some matters in the Secrets of their Managements, that might deserve a little Reflection, as well as the rest; but since they say, and some People believe they have only ten *per Cent*, for all their expence and Diligence, for my part I won't trouble my self to disprove 'em; even let 'em take it, and if they and the World are satisfied, I must own I never had, nor never will have any cause to complain. But now, for these little *Sucking Lotteries*, *Plate Lotteries*, I think they call 'em, they're but poor Soundrel Cheats, that will pass upon none but the Country Fools, and Town Mob. A few Bables, some false Dice, and a little Sham-plate behind

a Glass, sets up one of them; besides, they are only *Fenditaries* to the former, and derive their Priviledge from their Deputation. Indeed, a Man may, if he will, go to one of them, and throw away four or five Pound, to get a Nutmeg-grater, or a Tobacco-stopple, for a Curiosity; as I know those that have at a *Bartholomew Fair*; but then I think *Merry Andrew* ought to be made acquainted with it, 'twill serve him for a good Subject to divert the Rabble with. Indeed, there is a late Invented *Lottery*, where there's nothing to be won but Money, nor that neither, that deserves a short Observation. This, it seems, is to be managed with ten Dice; and truly the *Projectors* have so carefully settled their Prices, that none of those that are considerable, are reconcilable with the Numbers upon the Dice; a Man may in the hazard of thirty or forty *Shillings* get a Hit of Half a Crown, or so; but unless he has got the Art to reconcile Impossibilities, he can never come at any of their twenty or thirty Pounds, which they pretend to. In short, all these are but Down-right Cheats, and Devices, to deceive Ignorant People out of their Money; and many a child has been tempted to rob his Parents, and Apprentice his Master, upon the Account of 'em: I

must confess, I think they are so much below a Gentleman, that he needs not be caution'd against 'em; they are not only exaltedly Foolish, and Ridiculous, but Scandalous too, and certainly, under those two Qualifications, a Man must be either a perfect Madman, or an Idiot, that will concern himself with 'em; a Man may indeed by such inconsiderate Actions as these, expose himself to the Laughter and Scorn of the Town; but let him take this along with him, when he has once done it, he'll find it a litle difficult to recover the Loss of his Reputation. A Good Name may be lost in the Quest of Bables and Trifles, as well as in the pursuit of deep and deliberate Follies. A Gentleman may as well squander away his Estate and Reputation at a Nine-pin Yard, and a Shovel-board Table, among Journey-men Shoemakers and Porters, as at the Groom Porter's, amongst Gentlemen and Sharpers; there's no difference that I know of, but only the One does his Business at once, and the other's a litle longer about it: They are equally dangerous and disgraceful, and both infinitely beside the Practice and Character of a Gentleman.

LETTER XII.

*In which the Tricks of the Cock-Pits,
and the Cheats of Horse Races,
and Foot Matches are exposed.*

PERHAPS, Sir, having discovered so many of the Cheats and Tricks of the Town to you already, you may now think it high time to wind up my Account. I can assure you, I have no Vanity in reporting these Matters; they are as odious and unpleasant for me to write, as they can be for you to read. But still, Sir, I remember my Promise, I told you I'd shew you a little of most of the Follies and Villanies of the Town, which as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you're most in danger to be trapp'd, and impos'd upon by, when you come at it. To proceed then to the rest, for once I'll carry you to a *Cock Match*; and if you love that Diversion, shew you a Battle or two, that you may see how much our Sparks in London, manage their matters beyond yours in the Country.

Cock-

Cock-fighting, is an Ancient, Barbarous sort of Diversion, that for many Years has been of high repute, even amongst the Nobility and chief Gentry of *England*: 'Tis now indeed in state of Declension; the Gentlemen, perceiving the constant Charge, Folly, and Inconvenience that depended upon it, have in a great measure, wisely laid it down.

And the *Sharppers*, *Rooks*, and *Scoundrels*, together with few some *Fools*, have taken it up; or else the Cruel Sport, for that's the best Title I can give it (and I think the best it deserves) had been happily worn out, and lost, and there had been an end on't. For my part, I cannot conceive where the great Diversion in *Cock-fighting* lies: the *Beat Garden* and *Cock Pit*, are both alike to me; and truly, in my Judgment, they are both Inhuman, and Unnatural, and there's very little Satisfaction in either. But this is nothing to the purpose: It passes under the Notion of a Harmless Recreation among the rest; the *Rooks* and *Sharppers* get Money by it, and therefore we'll go and see a little how they manage their point. Their first Business is to bribe themselves into Acquaintance with the Feeders, and to learn every particular Cock's Marks, Breed,

The Way

Way of Fighting, &c. When they are thorowly equipt with these, and every thing else, that can possibly give 'em any Advantage in point of Judgment, they make their Bets, but still their Eyes are constantly fixt upon the Cock, that they may observe every Wound and Turn of a Battle; and truly most of your Old Cockers, are so very sharp and quick-sighted in such Cases, that they generally discover the nicest Advantage, and accordingly either take, or lay the Odds, to bring themselves off; and so far 'tis fair enough, and every Man is to be commended for making the most of his Business; and indeed, 'tis impossible they should use their Talents any further in a fair Match than this comes to, unless it be to swear you out of your Bets, when you have won 'em, and bring some of their Gang to give Judgment against you, as 'tis very common amongst 'em. But all this is little to their Business, and if there was nothing else in it but the Advantage they have in point of Judgment, they must be quickly forc'd to find out some new Adventure, or prepare to fight Battles of another Nature. Their Business generally comes on when the *Grand Match* is over (unless the whole be one of their own making) then, perhaps, they have a By-match or two, to divert

92 *The Country Gentleman's*

the Company at Parting, which may bring in something. Here they set down One of the Sharps narrow heel'd *Cock*; they have to One that they know is a perfect Slug; and 'tis ten to one too, to make all things sure; but they crack his Beak, or thrust a Pin into the Roof of his Mouth, to blunt the Points of his Gables; or cramp him with a Hair about his thigh; for in such cases they'll be sure to make all things safe; but then the force of their Designs depends chiefly upon the managing point; against their *Cock* comes to be set down; in order to which one of the more Reputable sort of Sharps, offers large Bets upon the *Cock* that is to lose, and withal several *Sham-wagers* are said among themselves. *This*, says he, *is a Brother to the Pile that kill'd Squire G——'s Dun; he came from Mrs R——'s Hen; and my Lord C——'s Duck-wing; that won the Famous Battle at New Market; And, perhaps, may be a Slightly Cock, and a good Cuck in Nature. By thes; and such like Stratagems, 'tis odds but there is several snapt; and to colour the matter, when the Business is over, they pretend that he receiv'd a Wound in the Body in the Sparring-blows; and if he had not been accidentally disabled, he would have certainly won the Battle, and they'll fight one of the*

COMPANION. 91

the same Brood, with any Cock of his Match in England, for a hundred Pound. Sir, I would not trouble you too much with this kind of Stuff; you may judge from this short Draught, what these Gentlemen would be at, their sole Business is flat Sharping, and Rooking; and, if you'll venture in amongst 'em, and hazard your Money; you may depend upon't, if they find you a Stranger, they'll have some Device, either by fair means or foul, to cheat you before they part with you. But after all, what, I wonder, can it be that should induce a Gentleman, to hazard himself, and his Reputation among such a Gang of Varlets, as these are. I can't imagine where the Diversion, or Felicity can be, to see a Kennel of Deep-mouth'd Ruffrants (standing round a Pair of Foolish Creatures) Hollowing, Cursing, and Blaspheming, whilst they mangle one another to death? This is a very unaccountable way of disposing of your self, indeed. Well, Sir, I will not trouble you more about it; you see how Cases stand, and if you will plunge your self into such manifest Inconveniences, you must ev'n take up for your Pains, and sit down by the Loss.

And next for *Horse Racing*: Why, that's in the main a Cheat as bad, if not worse

94 *The Country-Gentleman's*

worse than the former, and many an Honest Gentleman hath been bubbled by it out of his whole Estate. As to the great Matches between Noblemen and Gentlemen, the Plate-matches, &c. that's all Country Business, and don't fall within the compass of my Design; and I'm glad it does not, for truly if it had, I'm afraid I should have been apt to say something that would not so well have suited with their respective Characters. However, if you are for a Course, and will be betting with 'em, you may take this among the rest, That unless you have a true Knowledge of the *Horse*, and *Riders*, and especially of the Design of the Owners, you may as well be taken in by a *Jockey Knight*, or *Squire*, as by an *Houster*, or a *Horse Courser*; and what's worse, you must not complain neither; if you do, you affront 'em, and then Wars will ensue. In brief, I think you have no great Business among any of 'em. But since we are upon the Ramble, we'll make a short trip to *Barnsted Downs*, or *Hackney Marsh*, and see what Company they have got there. There, I'll warrant you, if you are for such sort of Sport, you won't want Diversion. Well, I wou'd not keep you long among 'em (for they're a dangerous Society) and therefore you wou'd do well to remember,

member, that there's not one Match in twenty run there; but what's a Cheat; the Heart of the Company is made up of nothing, but *Jockeys, Horse Courfers, Hounds, and Fencers*, with some extravagant Citizens, that are learning to gallop, and manage their *Racers*, against they are forc'd to mount 'em upon another occasion. A Genteel *Cit*, that does not Ride above ten or eleven Stone, after he has wisely Raced himself out of his Shop, makes as accomplisht a *Highway-man*, as the best *Butcher, Coachman, or Hostler* of 'em all. But, Sir, I'm sure you won't like this Company; beside you have enough of it in your own Country, and therefore we'll leave 'em to manage their Cheats by themselves, and make the best of our way to *Hide Park*, to try if we can have any better Diverfion, at a *Foot Match*.

Foot Raceing, is just of the same Nature with the former, only with this Difference, that they Rob a Foot, and the other a Horseback; the One's a *Highway-man*, and the Other's a *Pad*. In short, the general Business of both is to make *Sham Matches*, to draw in Strangers, and to impose upon 'em, by a few rascally Cheats and Tricks: But they're grown so common, and well known in Town, that there's few, but the very *Rabble*, take any

No-

96 The Country Gentleman's

Notice of 'em. I could have entertain'd you with some of their Villanous Stratagems and Devices, but that I think they are both below a Gentleman's Ear and Pen; they're only fit for the correction of the Mob, and let them take 'em, and try, whether a Horse-pond, or a House of Office, will work any thing towards their Reformation.

LET

LETTER XIV.

*In which the Villanies of Guinea
Droppers, and Sweetners are ex-
posed.*

GUINEA Dropping, or Sweetning, is a Paultry little Cheat, that was recommended to the World about thirty Years ago, by a Memorable Gentleman, that has since had the Misfortune to be taken off, I mean, Hang'd, for a Misdemeanour, upon the *Highway*. However, he left the Mystery behind him, which has ever since been manag'd with pretty good Success, by some of the worthy Members of his Gang, and is now improv'd to that high Perfection, that 'tis become a perfect Occupation, and several Remarkable Persons live upon it. The General Places where the Masters of this Art *Rendezvous*, is *Lincoln-Inn Fields*, and *Covent Garden*, and in most other Publick Places between *Westminster Hall*, and *Temple Bar*; especially in the two former; and 'tis some odds if a Country

98 *The Country Gentleman's*

Gentleman, or a Stranger passes through either of 'em, but he's attack'd by 'em. The Manner of this Cheat, is thus, (as I had it from One of the Chief Masters of the Faculty, that, it seems, has quitted the Business upon some Dislike.)

Says he, *To make us a Compleat Set, there must be three of us; One to Personate a Merchant, the other a Country Gentleman, and the third a Tradesman. When we have hit of our Cully, (and they have commonly a damnable Notion of a Person for their Turn) One of our Gang marches directly before him, and another follows close behind, till they come to a convenient Place, where the Mouth (as they are pleas'd to term him) must needs observe; and then the Spark that is in the Front, drops the Guinea: Faith, (says he, turning about to the Stranger) I have found a Piece of Money here, I think 'tis a Guinea; and then if he that's in the Rear perceives he's insensible of the Cheat, up he steps, and claims Half. After a little Sham-squabble between the two Cheats, says the first, If any body has any right to a Shuck, 'tis this Gentleman, who saw me take it up: But to prevent Disputes, Come, (saith he) 'tis a lucky hit, we'll ev'n go all to the Tavern, and spend the odd Money, and then divide the Remainder fairly and*

and equally amongst us. The third still continues at a distance, to observe the Success of their Management, and in what Tavern they house him; which is one where they commonly have a thorow Acquaintance and Familiarity: when he's fixt, then it comes he, in a mighty Hurry, and pretended Confusion, for the Loss of a Bill, which he says he supposes he dropt just now, in the very Room where they are drinking: And to colour the Matter, One of the other two conveys a Sham bill under the Table, which he immediately takes up, and as a testimony of his Joy for the Recovery of it, will needs call for his Pint. After they have drank two or three Pints, and begin to grow a little warm, up starts one of 'em, and pretends to have discovered a Pack of Cards, which he has before plac'd in some convenient part of the Room, for his purpose. He! says he, here's a Pack of Cards; Come, Faith, I'll shew you one of the prettiest Tricks, that I was taught by a Dutchman t'other Day, that ever I saw in my Life: And so to possess their Cully of their Innocence, &c. they shew several of the ordinary Tricks upon the Cards. At last, he that is the most Dexterous, starts the Grand Trick; which they call *Preaching the Parson*; how the Dogs came to call it by that Name,

know not; unless it be, that so many honest Clergymen, above the rest, have been impos'd upon by it. As to the Manner of their Trick, 'is no great matter, my Design is not to teach you Tricks, but how to avoid 'em: 'tis a Palm, and a Slip that they have, a sort of *Deceptio Visus*, which if you have a Curiosity to see, there's enough in Town will equip you. If this Cheat takes, then they have no need to try any other Expedients; but if this don't pass upon you, then they'll try you with false Dice, Rug and the Leather, or twenty other Projects, that they have ready upon such Occasions. For, in short, your Money they will have, before they part with you; or rather than fail, knock you down, and rifle you, or pick your Pocket.

Sir, you have this Account of this piece of Roguery, in the very words, as near as my Memory will serve me, as I had it from my worthy Informer (one of the Masters of the Gang;) and truly I have been something the longer upon it, that it may serve as a General Caution to you against Imbarking your self with Strangers, upon any pretence whatever. For, give me leave to tell you, a considerable part of the Mischiefs of this Town, are deriv'd to us upon that Account, and will be every Day more and more so, considering the
pre.

COMPANION. 101

present posture of Men and things. This Town degenerates hourly; Honesty and Vertue, are almost dwindled to nothing. Roguery, Folly and Vice, are constantly increasing, and growing more Publick and Insolent; so that if you will notwithstanding venture to *London*, believe me, 'twill require your utmost Care and Wisdom to guard your self against 'em.

H 3

LET-

LETTER XV.

*In which the Tricks of Bawds and
Jilts are exposed, together with
some Reflections upon the Art of
Trapping.*

SIR, I am now entering upon the last, and indeed the most unpleasant part of my Relation, *i. e.* the Tricks of *Bawds* and *Jilts*, two Ranks of degenerated Animals, so exactly Impious, so solemnly and deliberately Vicious, and Scandalous, that their very Names, the very Title of a *Bawd*, and a *Whore*, is sufficient to fright a Sober Man, not only from their Embraces, and Conversation, but even out of all manner of Lustful Thoughts and Inclinations.

In the first Rank I place the *Bawd*, or *Procurer*, you may call her what you will; for though the latter has usurp'd a Name a little more Modish, and Decent than the former, and perhaps may have a little more Business among the *Quality* and *Gentry*,

Gentry, yet they are both Practitioners in the very same Arts and Sciences, and constantly agree in the Main of their Occupation. Ther's no Difference that ever I heard between *Jeany C* — and *Moll* —

R — or my Lady — either, only in point of Price: *Jeany* and my Lady won't equip you under a *Guinea*, perhaps; and *Moll* will furnish you as well for Half a Crown; nay, rather than lose your Custom, for a *Shilling*, and a Quatern of *Raspberry*.

In short, One helps to a *Common Miss*, and the other to a *Common Whore*; there's no Odds but in the Name: And these are all Works of Darkness beside, and then according to the old Proverb, *Jone's as good as my Lady*.

However, for Method sake, I'll take 'em to pieces, and shew you a few of their Tricks and Managements; under the respective Characters of a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Jilt*.

First then for the *Procurer*: Her chief Place of *Rendezvous*, is at the *Play-house*, that's the Change she never fails to be upon; and indeed is the most proper Place for her to put off her Damag'd Commodities. She seldom wants Chapmen there, especially for her *Maiden-heads*, which she pretends is the only part of her Merchandize.

You may easily discover whereabouts in the Pit she keeps her Office, by the Concourse of *Whores* and *Gallants*, that are perpetually crowding about her, either for Advice, or Assistance. If you should once be so unhappily Vicious, to make use of her, she will lay so many Snares and Temptations to entangle and betray you, that 'tis almost impossible for you afterwards to escape her Delusions.

Sometimes she'll have the delicatest Woman in the World for you; at other times a fine young Creature, of about fourteen, a perfect Pattern of Innocence, and Modesty, and a pure Virgin; beside, she has one that sings like an Angel; another than dances to a Miracle; a third that has an incomparable Shape and Meen; and a fourth that's an Absolute Wit, and the only diverting Companion of her whole Sex.

In short, she has 'em, or at least pretends she has 'em of all Sorts and Prices, from a *Guinea* to five, and from five to a hundred; but let me tell you, that if you deal with her for any of 'em, you have better Luck than most of your Neighbours, that venture their Stocks upon such brittle Ware, if it don't prove a dear Bargain at the making up your Account.

COMPANION. 109

A *Race Whore*, or a *Pad Strumpet*, as they order their Business, will stand you in five times as much in a Year's Keeping, as a *Race Horse* and a *Pad* together, nay, than a whole Stable of *Racers*, *Pads*, and *Hunters* too. They must be kept finely cloath'd, and nicely dress'd, and have good Meat in their Bellies beside, or else they'll turn *Jades* immediately.

But perhaps you may like the Humour of Roveing better, than Keeping any of these Cattle for your own Riding; hire a *Hackney Whore*, as your Citizens do their Horses, for a Journey, and no more.

But then unless you can have 'em at the same Price too, fifteen Pence a side, if you should have occasion to Ride often, you'll find it very chargeable.

Which of these Methods is the better, I cannot direct you, I must confess I abominate both; but there's enough in Town that can; 'tis true, they are generally forc'd to walk it now, or if they do mount (which is very seldom) 'tis either upon a cast Hunter, or some poor Pad that has had the *Farcy*, or a *Fistula*, or some Surfeit or other foul Distemper, that has made 'em only fit for the Hounds, or at best for a *Hackney*.

How-

However, they can inform you sufficiently, or else you may read it in their Looks; their very Legs will direct that they have Rid hard in former times, and withal give you a sad testimony, how dangerous such Journeys are, both in regard to your Estate, Wealth, and Reputation.

In short, Sir, if one of these *Belle Dame* Sorceresses, should once bewitch you into their Net, beside the Fulsomness of the Vice it self, and the hateful and loathsome Qualifications that are incorporated with it, she has so many Black Arts, so many Infernal Stratagems and Devices linkt together, to keep you fast in her Clutches, that 'tis almost impossible for you to disengage your self, till she has had her End, and that commonly terminates in your Ruine.

'Tis unaccountable indeed, when they hear of a Beautiful Woman, (in the first place) what strange Contrivances and Devices, what Projects and Designs they lay, that they may get into her Company, and corrupt her. The Deluding and Ruining both Men and Women is their whole Business and Occupation; nay, not only their own, but the Business of several Agents

COMPANION. 107

Agents and Factors. A sort of Mercenary Hell-hounds, which they turn out to hunt the Town, to try what Game of either sort they can find; and if they chance to make their Set upon a Country Gentleman, or a Stranger, be sure the Dog will never forsake the Hauat, till his Mistis (if he ha'nt been disturb'd and drawn at before) finds some means or other, to entangle 'em in her Net.

And now for the *Bawd*: She's a sort of Viperous Creature, that has all the bad Properties of the former, with so many Additions of her own, that she's a Monster, both without Parallel, and beyond Description. She's the very Dregs both of a *Jilt* and a *Procurer*; a Wretch, that having lost all Grace, Modesty, or Humanity, has su'd out her Indentures in the *Devil's* Company, and bound her self to deal in no other Commodities, but those that tend directly to propagate his Interest.

These sort of Practitioners generally keep *Seraglio's* of their own, with the Supercription of *Chocolate*, or *Coffee* over their Doors, which are constantly guarded with three or four painted *Harlots*, that are always ready either by Surprise or Assault, to make you their Prisoner.

If

108. *The Country Gentleman's*

If they can any ways get you into their Case (as they call it) and rather than fail they'll impudently hawl you to: why then in course, you must call for your Half-pint of *Rasberry*; and so one of 'em begins a *Beastly Health*, to let you know what Occupation they follow.

Before this is drunk, in steps the Governess, in a mighty Rage, that the Gentleman is not shew'd into a better Room. Come, Sir, says she, and snatches up the Candle (so that you must either go with her, or stay with those Vermin in the Dark) follow me, and I'll light you up my self: When they have got you there, then they conclude you're fixt, and so three or four Couple of her Choice *Whores* are presently let loose, to live at Discretion upon you.

If they can by any Sort of vicious Lewdness entice you into Debauchery, the next thing is, which of the Ladies you pitch upon, and the Terms. Mrs. *Frances*, she's but just come out of the Country, and has not been upon Duty these four Months, there's but little Difference between her and a Maidenhead, and she can't be afforded for less than *ten Shillings*, beside half a Crown for her self.

Mrs.

COMPANION. 109

Mrs. Margaret's a good clean Woman, and very modest and innocent, a pretty, harmless Creature, three half Crowns is the Price, and she never went under. Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Nancy, and sweet Mrs. Sukey, are all three sound and active, but because Trading's dead, and Money's scarce, and you look like a civil Gentleman, and because I'd encourage you to come again, you shall have one of 'em for a Crown; and that's the lowest; but, for Moll and Kate, Joan, Margery, Abigail, &c. you know the Fare I suppose; and though I say, myself, there's ne'er a Gentlewoman in the whole Trade can shew a better Warehouse of such sort of Goods than I can, nor afford a better Pennyworth.

With this kind of Prate the Old Mistress of Iniquity entertains her Guest, whilst a Kennel of hungry Brutes are all the while yelping their fulsom Ribaldry, swearing, cursing, and blaspheming, and ravenously swallowing and devouring every thing they lay their Talons upon.

This is rare Company, is it not, for a Country Gentleman to run himself into? Nay, besides all these, there's a strong Party of Rogues and Bullies below, if you should not comply with their insolent

least Demands, or scruple to pay their extravagant Reckoning, ready upon Occasion to hector and insult you, or rather than fail, to strip and murder you.

To have done with 'em, I cannot suspect that you should ever give up so much of your Reason, to hazard your self into such a Labirinth of mischief as this is. No, no, Sir, I'm confident you never will. A Bawdyhouse! why, 'tis the very Gate of Hell, an In-let to Disgrace, Ruine and Contempt, and more to be avoided by far than a Jaques or a Pesthouse, and in all Respects as Loathsome as the one, and as Contagious as the other.

I come, in the next Place, to the Jilt, which is a sort of Creature, a little more private and designing, but in the main as lewd and dissolute, and more dangerous than e'er a one of the former.

These forsooth would be counted *Virtuous and Religious Whores*; Misses they'll own themselves to be, but *Whore's* a Term a little too Rough to go down with such nice Palates, the Name of a *Miss* relishes better with them; well, let 'em be *Misses* then; but, for all their Miss-ship,

COMPANION. 111

ship, I passionately Caution you, never to come near any of 'em; for if you do, you'll find they can Ruin you as soon as the best Procurer or Bawd of 'em all.

These Vermine play at high Games, nothing will serve some of them less than a Settlement of two or three Hundred per Annum, a Coach, five Lodgings, Plate, China and other things suitable for a *Whore of Rank*; and upon these Considerations she'll be faithful to you, or at least she'll promise you she will; but this is only a Promise *de facto* neither; so long as your Estate lasts, and you can maintain her in her Extravagance and Grandeur, but when that fails, so does the Obligation too; she has the grand political Reasons ready as well as the best Statesman of 'em all, and commonly makes the same Use of it.

She can Pray, Caut, shed a few Crocodiles Tears, or, rather than fail, sham a Fit, as a token of the Passion and Tenderness she has for you; but then your Back's no sonner turn'd, but she tells her Gallion you're a nasty, sickly, feeble Fellow, and that as soon as she has perswaded you out of the Settlement and the new Furniture, she'll first affront you, and then leave you.

If

If she finds you are a Cully indeed, and will be often impos'd upon by her, then she has a thousand little, wheedling tricks and Artifices to decoy you. Sometimes she's breeding, forsooth, and then sure you cannot be so barbarous to your *own Flesh and Blood*, but you will take some Care of the *young one*; besides, she wants Night-Gowns, and Damask for Clouts, and a thousand other Necessaries for a Lying-in Woman.

There's my Lord A——s, and Sir John B——s, and Collonel D——s Misses lay in, in as much State the other day as the best Lady in the Kingdom; nay, Mr. F—— that is but an ordinary Citizen presented his Mistress with a new Bed and the Furniture of a Room that cost him above *a hundred and fifty Pound*; and what has she, I wonder, done that she should not deserve as much as the best of 'em? Why sure she's as Handsom and as Young, and is as well descended, and has been as well bred as any of 'em, and do you think that she'll be put off with your nasty, shabby forty or fifty Guinea's? No truly, she rather thinks, that as Cases stand between you and her, you ought to eat off the Entail of your Estate, and settle

a good part of it upon her for her Life, and then let the Child Heir it afterwards; and perhaps all this too may be only Whore-craft, and Pretences, and so she must be forc'd (to bring her self off) to sham a Miscarriage; and that your Cruelty, and Hard-heartedness in not settling your Estate upon her, and answering her Demands, has been the cause of it; and will at last force her to make her self a-way: Well, but if you loved her as well as she loves you, you could not be so Barbarous to deny her any thing.

Besides, she has been no chargeable Mistress to you neither; she has been your Drudge for at least these Seven Months, and ha'nt cost you fifteen hundred Pound in the whole. If you had lived with some she knows in Town, so long, (but she is an easie Fool) 'twould not stood you in a Penny less than three thousand.

Sir, their Tricks and Devices are numberless, and not to be paralell'd by any thing but their Ingratitude and Inhumanity; there indeed they exceed themselves; nothing in Nature being so perfectly brutish and Cruel, as One of these kind of Creatures; the very Moment
I you

114 The Country Gentleman's

you stop your Hand, they grow Rude, and Insolent; and when they find they have entirely done your Business, and turned you a grazing, who so ready as that very *Siren* that has spent your Estate, to laugh at, revile, and scorn you; and you are not less her Buffoon now, than you were her Property formerly.

To have done with her: A *Filt*, is a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Whore* Compounded together. A Vermine so Ravenous, and Malicious, and withal so subtle and De-signing, so formally Chast, and Hypocri-cally Vertuous; and yet so Scandalously Common, and Impudently Lewd; so Proud, and yet so Mercenary, and above all so Insolently Ill-natur'd, That in the short Title of a *Filt* are comprehended all the Vices, Follies, and Impertinencies of her whole Sex.

And last for their Art of *Trapping*. This is Mystery that they commonly manage either by the Assistance of a Pregnant *Whore*, or by the help of some Letters, or Papers, that they pick out of your Pocket, that gives them an Inlet into your Affairs. The first is carried on by *Procurers*, *Bawds* and *Filts*, and the latter by *Sharps*, *Betters* and *Bullies*.

If

COMPANION. 115

If they are once so fortunate to get a Big-bellied *Whore* into their Confederacy, then they carry her about in a kind of Triumph, among all their *Cullys* and *No-vices*; every one, forsooth, under the No-tion of being the true Father, must sub-scribe an Individual Maintenance for the *Strumpet* and the *Brat*; or a Warrant must be got immediately, or the Masters of the Parish call'd in to their Assistance, to force you to it. 'Tis no boot to contest it; for, if you do, they'll force the Wo-man to Swear it upon you, and then your Reputation's lost; and withal you have the Charge of a *Whore*, and a *Bastard* en-tail'd upon you *ad infinitum*.

If they get your Papers, and Letters into their Clutches, those are their Cre-dentials, for their *Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullys* to commence their Villanies; in such Cases they pretend that the *Harlot* that rifled you, was an honest Gentle-woman, and the Wife of a Person of Credit and Reputation; and you must ei-ther make Satisfaction, and Compound the Business, or else they'll expose you first, and bring their *Action* against you after-wards.

116 *The Country Gentleman's*

And what can a Man can do, when he has brought himself into such a *Dilemma*, by his Folly? For my part, the Case is so very bad and desperate, I can't direct you in't: If you Compound with 'em now, you do but lay your self open to their Mercy, and render your self a Bubble, and a Property for the future; or if you resist 'em, why then you lose your Credit; they'll be sure to be as good as their Words in that point however, to misrepresent you, and abuse you in all Companies, and upon all Occasions; so that this Business of *Whoring*, especially, seems to have a Malevolent Influence, both upon your Estate, and Reputation; nay, upon your Person too; and very rarely terminates without destroying 'em all.

To conclude this loathsome Relation, you may learn from this rough Account what kind of Creatures *Procurers*, *Bawds*, *Filles*, *Whores*, and their Appendages, *i.e.* *Sharppers*, *Setters*, and *Bullies* are.

And now what shall I say more, but advise you again; If you regard your Health, your Estate, or your Reputation, nay, what is yet more, if you regard the
the

COMPANION. 117

the Liberty and Quiet of your Life, to shun 'em all; and that will be one great means to make your *London Expedition* a little the more Comfortable, and the less exposed to Hazard, and Expence.

and the other two, having in a long letter, the 11th of March, informed you with the various particulars of the former two failures; I shall now change the scene and export to you some of the late failures of the same kind, all in Order, under the strict direction of Robert Stewart, and respectively

LET

118 *The Country Gentleman's*

LETTER XVI.

*In which the Humours of Bully's,
Setters, and Hangers on are ex-
posed; together with Reflections
upon Gaming in General*

SIR, having in a long Letter, the last Post, entertained you with the Vicious Tricks and Humours of the Female Prostitutes; I shall now change the Sex, and expose to you some of the base Practices of the Male, as they fall in Order; under the distinct Characters of *Bullys, Setters, and Hangers-on.*

And first for the *Bully*, which (if I take him right) is a kind of Lewd Blustering Animal, that having rendered himself unfit (by a Complication of Vicious and Degenerate Actions) for the Conversation and Society of Sober and Rational Creatures, is forc'd to throw himself into the Company of *Bawds and Whores*, and to live upon their Contribution and Subsistance.

I shall not enlarge much upon his Character, or Method of living, they are both so generally known in Town and Country too, 'twould be at best an Impertinence, to spend much time about him. As I told you before, his common *Rendezvous* is among the *Bawds* and *Whores*; he eats their Bread, and fights their Battles; Heedors and insults their *Cullys*, gathers their Contribution; and for a need, can Pimp, Betray and Set, as well as the best of 'em.

You may discern him by his long Sword, his Insolent and Sawcy Behaviour; but above all, by his *atheistical Dialect*, Swearing, Cursing, and *Ribaldry*. If ever you should be so unhappy to fall in with him, he consequently entertains you with the dismal Relation of the Men he has Murder'd, and the Women he has Rape'd; the famous Battle he fought with such a *Watch*, or the bloody Rencounter he had with a Detachment of *Battlers*, or some such *Romantick* Lies and Forgeries; and if he can impose so far upon you, that he perceives you're inclin'd to believe him, 'tis ten to one but he draws you into a Quarrel, or some other Inconveniency; and then by a Cowardly Stratagem, brings him

120 *The Country Gentleman's*

himself off, and basely deserts you to shift for your self.

I need not tell you, that a *Bully's* a Coward; the two Names are too Convertible, to want an Explication; the whole Stress of his Valour and Prowess depends solely upon his Insolence, Ignorance, and Oaths; and but ruffle him once thoroughly, that he may perceive you know both his Trade and his Temper, he'll fawn upon you for ever afterwards like a *Spaniel*, you may kick him, cuff him, pinch him, or use him how you will; he has had the Misfortune to kill a Man lately, he'll tell you, and is under an Obligation at present not to fight; but when his time's expir'd, woe be to you.

Well, Sir, I hope you won't think this a Conversable Creature; for, for all his Cowardice and Ignorance, and for all he's an Animal so perfectly below the Character of a Man, he can betray you into Gaming, into Quarrels, into a *Bawdy-house*, and into the Company of Rogues, Thieves, and *Whores*, as well as the wittiest *Sharper*, or stoutest *Spark* of the Town.

The next Gentleman that falls in Order, is the *Setter*; his way of Recommending

COMPANION. 121

mending himself is quite contrary, by slye Insinuations and Flatteries, by Hypocritical Cringes, and Fawnings, and Smooth and Knavish Pretences, and formal Dissimulations: But notwithstanding his outside looks so fair and plausible, take heed of him; there's a legion within him.

All the Cheats and Villanies in Nature is concentr'd in his Mind and Thoughts; his very Soul is nothing but thick black, and Soot, and stands always ready bent to prosecute the next Advantageous Mischief.

His ordinary Occupation is to attend the Motion of Young Heirs, to draw and trapan 'em into Mean, and Unequal Matches, and so impose upon 'em *Filles* and *Whores*, under the Character of *Heiresses* and *Virtuosa's*; and this he does with so much Dexterity, and so many subtle Arts, and crafty Stratagems, that 'tis almost impossible, if you should be once so unfortunate to fall into his Management, to escape out of it again, without being undone, for the remainder of your Life.

Here in course the *Entail* of your Estate must be cut off, to make room for a Settlement

122 *The Country Gentleman's*

tlement for the *Harlot*; and she must have a handsom Present made her too, of four or five hundred Pound value: If you have no Money, they'll procure it for you, upon your Bond and Judgment, and a Friend or two withal, that shall stand bound with you for the Payment, till you receive your *Lady's* Fortune; but then you must do them the same Favour, only enter in to a Bond and Judgment with one of 'em, for a thousand Pound or so, for a Month; and that's a return of Civility, which you cannot deny.

Here the whole Business of your Life is done in the compass of a Week, you're Married to a *Whore*, your Estate is all disjoyned, and torn to pieces, and perhaps seiz'd upon by a Combination of *Villains*; and what's as great an Aggravation as any thing else, you're become the By-word and Laughing-stock of your Friends and Acquaintance; and all this, this New Associate has done for you, under the smooth Pretence and Hypocritical Coverture of singular Honesty and Sincerity.

If this Business of a Wife don't pass upon you, he'll try in the second place if he can draw you into *Sham-projects*, and *Chimera's*: He and his Friends have a new
In-

Invented Engine upon the Stocks, by the help of which you may walk with much Freedom and Ease, in the bottom of the Sea, as in your own Garden; and withal they have Intelligence upon Oath of a Wreck, where there's several Millions, and 'twill be all their own, in four or five Months at most; if you don't like this, they have a *Water Engine*, that will discharge a thousand Tun an hour, out of the deepest Mine; or, they have a *Mine* where there's a Rib of Ore, of a prodigious bigness; and for a Sum of Mony to carry on their Works, you may be admitted into their Society, and be a Sharer in the whole, and can't fail to get a considerable Estate in a few Years.

Here you're entangl'd again, if you Embark your self with 'em; and not only lose all the present Mony you part with, but are in great hazard to be drawn into future Bonds and Obligations, and consequently ruin'd at last.

Sir, I should trouble you, and my self, too long, if I should proceed to enumerate the respective *Rogueries* and *Tricks* of a *Setter*; and therefore I'll leave him with this short Character.

His

114 *The Country-Gentleman's*

His whole Life is a compendious History of deep and deliberate Villany; his only Business, nay, even his Diversion, consists solely in Betraying and Trapping; his Food and Sustenance depends entirely upon Lying, Falshood and Perjury. In a Word, he has the Devil's Motto stamp'd upon him in large Characters, and is perpetually ranging to seek whom he may devour.

Come, in the last place, to the *Hanger-on* or *Spunger*; and this is commonly a sort of sottish, lazy Creature, tho' naturally not so dangerous and mischievous as the former, yet, as troublesome and impertinent, and indeed, a greater Clog to a Man of Sense than either of 'em.

He has little to recommend him unless it be a few drunken Jests, or Scraps of Poetry, or perhaps some broken Characters of Men and things, with a little of the News and Humours of the Town; and by virtue of these mighty Qualifications he fancies himself a Companion fit for the best Gentlemen in the Kingdom, and will be sure, upon the smallest Invitation to croud himself upon him if he meets any Encouragement; and 'tis ten to one but by degrees he grows familiar

COMPANION. 115

liar, and after that impudent, and at last intolerable.

In one Point, indeed, he's a perfect Philosopher, he carries all he has along with him, and truly that's little enough too; his Furniture in general is so wretched and scandalous, that you may as soon learn a Spunger by his Garb, &c. as a Bully by his Cursing and Ribaldry, or a Setter by his Fawning and Dissimulation. A Bawdy Song or two, a few drunken Healths, and about half a Dozen dull Punds fet him up; and with these he will be perpetually grating and dinning your Ears till he has worn 'em as thread bare as his Coat, and after all, must be forc'd to be laught or kick'd out of 'em before he will quit 'em too.

As for Money, he never has any, nor never pretends to any, unless it be now and then the Fragments of a Reckoning which he pinches from the Drawer, to heel-piece his Shoes or recruit his Tobacco Box.

In short, these *Hangers on* are *Drones* in the strictest Sence and Definition, and if you once suffer 'em to crawl into your Hive (to keep up to the Nature of the Insect)

126 *The Country Gentleman's*

fect) they'll be sure to besmear and disturb your Cell, Devour your Honey, and in all Respects are as burdensom and pernicious to the Persons they can fasten themselves upon, as Drones and Wasps are to Bees, &c.

This Town swarms with this Sort of Insects, and a Country Gentleman can hardly set his Foot into it, but there are several of 'em come instantly humming and buzzing about him. I have given you already my Notion of Idleness; and I tell you again, in the Words of a great Man, *that 'tis so scandalous and reproachful that neither Heaven, Earth, nor Hell it self will own or patronize it.*

How unreasonable then is it, I think I may say, *how infamous and unaccountable*, to pick up such loose and profitless Creatures, and take 'em into your Bosom, and make 'em your Companions. I am astonish'd when I see six or seven of 'em stalking before a Country Gentleman, and crowding themselves into all Company and Business along with him, sucking and spunging upon him, and, *in the literal Sence*, eating him up alive. Sir, I hope you will not misunderstand me, I am not dissuading you against Relieving and Supporting

COMPANION. 127

porting distress'd Gentlemen in their Necessities.

No, no, I would not have you defie the Example of that Liberality by whose Effects you live, but then I would not have you neither abuse the Divine Precedent, by fostering a sort of vicious, sluggish Creatures, that with great Reason you ought to detest and reject, let 'em e'en sing their Requiems some where else, for you may depend upon't, that a Cry of these Slow, Deep-mouth'd Dogs, altho they don't run so swift, will stick as close to the Scent, and as effectually hunt you to death, as a Kennel of the fleetest Harlots or sharpest Fox-Hounds.

The last thing I propos'd in this, was to make some short and general Reflections upon Gaming; they must be short and general indeed, for I find I have wasted so much of my Paper upon my *three last scurvy Subjects*, that I have only Room left for a very few Lines.

That the Original Design of Play or Gaming was Diversion and Recreation, I suppose we may take for granted; but since it has lost its native Property, and basely degenerated into a mechanical Trade and Occupation.

I'm

I'm afraid, as Cases stand, we have two other Titles; that will suit it much better, *i. e.* Covetousness and Cheating; for what imaginable Cause can there be assign'd, but the flat Desire of Winning, that should induce Men to venture what they have for what they have not; nay, that which they are afraid and unwilling to lose for that which they're uncertain to gain.

This can be nothing but Covetousness; for if Covetousness was not the Grand Mover, there could not be the least Grounds or Pretence for *great and deep Gaming*; a Man may divert himself as well for a Shilling as for a Pound, and for a Pound as for a Thousand; and if that were all, provided it were not used immoderately, there would be no Harm in Gaming at all.

No, no, 'tis Covetousness, which tho' some of the more thinking Sort of Gamblers are ashamed to own, take off the Disguise, and you see the Ugly Hag drest up in all her dismal Pomp of Wretchedness and Misery.

And

And then for Cheating; why, 'tis the *Indispensable Qualification of a Gamester*. A Man has not only *blind Chance* to deal with (tho' that be but a very leaky, crazy Vessel for him to put to Sea in, upon such a dangerous Expedition) but such a *Combination of Deceit*, and such a *Chain of Tricks and Sights link'd together*, that even good *Fortune in Self* is not sufficient to guard and secure him against 'em: So that a Gamester lies under a kind of *Necessity* to make himself *Master of the useful Art of Cheating*, that he may be upon the Level with the rest of his Fraternity.

And now, Sir, can there be any thing more *sordidly mean and base*, and more *exaltedly foolish*, than for a Man to practise a Profession that does so naturally entitle him to two of the worst Characters in the World, i. e. a Miser and a Cheat.

To conclude, if, after all, a Man could arrive to the *highest Perfection* in this *paltry Science*, Gaming and Cheating have commonly a *Reflex'd Efficacy*, and deceive none more than those that use 'em. Besides all this, what should it be, I wonder, that should encline a Gentleman of

130 *The Country-Gentleman's*

an Estate to take up such a Scoundrel Occupation: He'd be very loath to be stigmatiz'd with the exploded Name of a *Mechanick* in other Cases; and where the mighty Reason lies, he should submit to it in this, is a Mystery, I profess, beyond my unravelling.

Well Sir, let the Shipwreck'd Fortunes of Abundance of our young Adventurers be a Caution to you, how extremely reproachful and hazardous it is to embark your self in such a fatal Profession; a Profession, that at once exposes you to the irreparable Loss of your Time, the endangering your Estate, and to the Forfeiture of your Reputation, and withal is so much below the Interest and Character of a Gentleman.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

*In which are particular Observations
and Reflections upon several di-
stinct Occurrences of the Town.*

SIR, I have already led you through
a dismal Wilderness, and briefly
shewed you what a Herd of Wild Beasts
and Monsters you must take your Range
among, if your Resolution for the
Town continues; and now I think 'tis high
Time to wind up my Account. Indeed
there are abundance of other dangerous
Occurrences that may well justify a se-
vere Reprehension, but I shall only in-
stance one or two more, and leave the
Conviction these have receiv'd at the
Tribunals of Reason and Experience to
conclude the rest.

And first, for your Garb, you'll find
some of our City Gentry so ridiculously
Gawdy and Extravagant, that compara-
tively

130 *The Country-Gentleman's*

an Estate to take up such a Scoundrel Occupation: He'd be very loath to be stigmatiz'd with the exploded Name of a *Mechanick* in other Cases; and where the mighty Reason lies, he should submit to it in this, is a Mystery, I profess, beyond my unravelling.

Well Sir, let the Shipwreck'd Fortunes of Abundance of our young Adventurers be a Caution to you, how extremely reproachful and hazardous it is to embark your self in such a fatal Profession; a Profession, that at once exposes you to the irreparable Loss of your Time, the endangering your Estate, and to the Forfeiture of your Reputation, and what is so much below the Interest and Character of a Gentleman.

LET

LETTER XVII.

*In which are particular Observations
and Reflections upon several di-
stinct Occurrences of the Town.*

SIR, I have already led you through
a dismal Wilderness, and briefly
shewed you what a Herd of Wild Beasts
and Monsters you must take your Range
among, if your Resolution for the
Town continues; and now I think 'tis high
Time to wind up my Account. Indeed
there are abundance of other dangerous
Occurrences that may well justify a se-
vere Reprehension, but I shall only in-
stance one or two more, and leave the
Conviction these have receiv'd at the
Tribunals of Reason and Experience to
conclude the rest.

And first, for your Garb, you'll find
some of our City Gentry so ridiculously
Gawdy and Extravagant, that compara-

tively, a Ship may be rigg'd for the *Indies* both as cheap and as easily; most of the Trades in the Commonwealth are some way or other concern'd in their Equipage, such a strange multiplying Faculty has this sort of Vanity, that it has improv'd Nature's simple Necessity of a Covering, the first Fig-Leaves (as 'tis phras'd by that excellent Author of the *Gentleman's Calling*) to such a Luxuriant Growth, that those *Hercynean Oaks* which *Mela* tells such Wonders of, are but a sort of Pigmy Plants in comparison of them.

But these are but a kind of Butterfly-Sparks, a few insignificant Insects that flutter about Town for a Year or two, and are afterwards forc'd to crawl into Holes and Corners in a Dress perhaps no less contemptible, wretched, and loathsome, than the former was gay, fulsome, and pedantick.

This is a Folly, indeed, that I cannot suspect a Gentleman of your Sence can be guilty of, and yet, vain and foolish as it is, I could quote you a considerable Number that have been undone by it, that have laid out their whole Estate in a few gawdy Trappings, that they may

may make a Figure (as they call it) have at last figur'd it so long, till they have figur'd themselves into Rags or a Prison, and render'd them the Contempt and Laughing-Stocks of the whole Town.

Next to these, we have another Rank of unthinking Creatures, a sort of nice-palated Sparks, that nothing will go down with but Dainties and Curiosities; tell 'em of good Beef, Mutton, Veal, or any of our own Productions, which doubtless are the best in the World, they'll swear they are all *Porters Fare*, and unless they are first adulterated with some studied Mixtures, and forc'd from their native Property by some new and costly Sauces, they are far too mean and common for their Tables.

These, in the strictest Sence, may be said to incur the Vultures Fate, *i. e.* to eat up themselves; and truly so it commonly falls out. I have known within the Compass of my own Experience abundance of these Luxuriant Prodigals, that have so long tantaliz'd themselves with their Delicious Morsels, that at length

134 *The Country Gentleman's*
length they have wanted Food convenient for the Support of Nature.

Others we have, that affect the Reputation of making costly Treats and Entertainments; a hundred pound is but a mean Sum to spend upon an *Evenings Collation* for a *Mistress* or two, which perhaps do him the favour after all but to laugh at him for his *Prodigality*.

I heard a Fool my self (that's now shirking about Town, and will be glad of any body that will give him a Pot of Ale and a Roll and Cheese) bragging not many Months before, That an Entertainment he made for three or four Ladies cost him six score pounds. Such Wretches, I think, are below all kind of Pity. I could almost grudge 'em even the Husks their Extravagance naturally confines 'em to, and wish 'em rather some Fate more remarkable, scandalous and durable, that might not only nauseate but fright the rest of the World from their Inadvertency.

There are several other things that I could mention to you that are no less dangerous than ridiculous; but, Sir, I can never

never suspect you should so evidently transplant your discerning Faculty from your Intellect to your Sense, to suffer your self to be impos'd upon by any of these sort of Follies.

I beseech you not to mistake me, I abhor all Sourness or Singularity, and heartily allow of a Decent Garb, and a Gentile, Friendly Entertainment upon Occasion, they are equally Necessary and Commendable in a Gentleman. And indeed, so long as they are kept within the true Rules of Sobriety and Moderation, are very highly consistent, not only with his Character but his Interest.

I could make a great many Just Reflections (if 'twere necessary) upon those whose Vain and Lavish Humours have enclined 'em to squander away their Estates in such Insignificant Trifles: but I'm sure a haughty, extravagant Mind must feel Smart enough without any additional Aggravations: it must needs be a most embarrassing Consideration, a Consideration that advances the Affliction, beyond that of a more innocent Poverty,

much as the Pain of an envenom'd Arrow exceeds that of another.

Beside all the more remote Dangers and Inconveniencies I have already mentioned, there are still two other, which you are the most nearly concern'd to guard your self against; the first is against Innovations and Unsettledness in your Religion; and the second against embarking your self in Cabals, and Confederacies in Matters belonging to the State and Government.

We have Temptations and Tempters too, of all Sorts at London, great Numbers of Persons that make it their Business to snap up Strangers, and watch all Occasions to try if they can impose any of their Trumpery upon 'em.

Here the Papists, Presbyterians, Quakers, Independants, Anabaptists, &c. have all their Party Men abroad to endeavour the Gaining Profelytes; and truly 'tis great odds, but some of 'em attempt to seduce you: but then I'm confident you are so thoroughly ground-

ed

ded in the Principles of your own Church and Religion, that they can never make any Advances upon you: however a kind Caution can do you no harm, if you should never have any occasion to make use of it.

Then for Caballing and Embarking your self with Parties and Factions, 'tis a Dangerous bewitching thing, and so many Worthy Gentlemen have been ruin'd by it, that I think 'tis utterly needless to descend into Particulars. I'm sure it ought to be Matter of the saddest Reflection to all who have been any Way involved in it. It being a most direful Account that they will at last have to make, for being the Unhappy Authors of such miserable Disorders.

But, Sir, I will not spend more of your time in these (I hope) needless Observations and Reflections; you'll doubtless soon perceive from the stupendious Fate of vast Multitudes; how you are to order your self in these several Particulars, and to them I referr you for your full and ample Satisfaction.

LETTER XVIII.

Wherein he first directs him in the disposal of his Estate in his Absence, and gives him some general Cautions and Advice how to manage himself in Town.

SIR, Having drawn you a Rough Draught of the Men and Things of the Town, I presume you'll pardon it among the rest of my Imperinencies if by way of Conclusion I trouble you once more with a few short and general Directions how to dispose of your Estate in your Absence, and of your self when you come to London: The former is as essentially necessary as the latter, and if you fail in either, I can see nothing in the Reverse of your Expedition but flat Ruin and Destruction.

As

As for the Disposal of your Estate tis the Grand Basis upon which all the rest of your Affairs must move; so that unless you leave that both under a faithful as well as a prudent Managery, let your Success in Town be what it will, you'll have but a bad Return for your Venture in the Winding up; but then the Grand Query is, how this may be settled with the most Ease and Conveniency to your self, the least Trouble to your Friends and Servants, and the greatest Satisfaction and Advantage to all your Tenants, Neighbours and Dependants.

In Order to which, I think, in the first place, it will be highly necessary for you to be your own Auditor, to take a monthly Survey of your Respective Accounts, and to ballance your Expences with your Receipts, and to square and proportion 'em both according to the true Value and Nature of your Revenue.

'Tis true some of our high-bred Gentry look upon this as a Reflection upon their Character, and that the Oversight of their Estates is not only a Business too burthensom but likewise too mean for 'em.

140 *The Country-Gentleman's*

'em. What Reasons they can give for it, I must confess, I'm a Stranger to.

Methinks it should be rather a Divertisement, and a proper and advantageous Method for 'em to dispose of some of those spare Hours, whose Emptiness would become their Load, and probably of no small Pain and Cost, and perhaps Inconvenience too.

Next to this, your Business will be to procure an honest ingenious Man for a Steward, a Person that will neither be tempted by *Avarice* or *Interest*, or seduc'd by *Necessity*, to betray your Concerns or imbezle your Effects; he should be neither sour in his Conversation, nor imperious in his Behaviour, not bitter nor pressing upon your Tenants, and yet watchful and sedulous to keep 'em within the moderate Bounds of their Leases and Agreements, and withal, careful to restrain 'em from running too far in Arrears, which commonly terminates, not only in the Ruin of themselves, but in the manifest Loss and Inconvenience of the Landlord.

COMPANION. 141

A Steward should be a Person (if you can find such a one) that is remarkable for the discreet Government of himself and his own Affairs, he ought to be a tolerable Master of Accompts, and well skill'd in the useful Art of Husbandry, and in the manner of Country Dealing and Commerce, but above all, he should be abstracted from all manner of Selfishness and mercenary Designs, and be acted purely by true Principles of Love, Justice, and Gratitude.

Next to Him, a provident House-keeper will be extreamly requisite, and she, indeed, should have most of the Qualifications of the Steward; she should be discreet and faithful, affable, modest, meek and Compassionate; she should be free from the little Vanities of Gossiping and Talebearing, too common to her Sex.

Your House should be her only Empire, and the calm and peaceful Government of it, her highest Ambition; she should have no Ends, nor, indeed, no Business of her own, so disturb or take her off, but be constantly vigilant to observe and restrain the Irregularities of the Family, and not more
neither,

143 The Country Gentleman's

neither by her Advice and Reproof, than by the Presence of her own Calmness, Decency and Moderation.

Besides these, you'll want an industrious Gardiner and a careful Groom, the one to take Care of your Fruit and Flowers, and to preserve your Walks and Arbors from running to Ruin and Disorder; and the other to manage and regulate your Horses, &c.

Now, if you could thus equip yourself, which, I confess, will be very difficult for you to do, you'd be however secure, that when you have tir'd your self with the Follies and Vanities of the Town (which I believe, or, at least, hope will be in a very little time) your Affairs in the Country are in a good Posture, and thither you can return and rest your self, out of the Reach of the Hurry and Impertinence of it.

And, now Sir, the next thing will be to manage *your self* with Advantage and Security *when you come to Town*. I have shew'd you already the Rocks that you are in most danger to Split upon, and the Vices, Follies and Dangers, which, as a Gentle-

Gentleman and a Stranger, you are perpetually liable to be encountred with; and because my present Design hath made them my peculiar Province, I shall wave all others, and only address my self to you for a Conclusion, in a passionate Admonition and Request or two, which I presume you will either grant or pardon, if not both.

And first, I passionately advise and request you not to plunge your self into the Society of Strangers. I have told you that before, and I must tell it you again, and indeed I can never tell it you too often, that the Generality of the Mischiefs of this Town are deriv'd to us upon that Account.

Secondly, let me again admonish you not to take Men and Things upon Trust, but first to weigh 'em soberly and deliberately, to bring 'em home to the Tribunal of your own Reason, Conscience and Experience, before you pass your Judgment or make your Option.

This Town is sway'd purely by a Spirit of Falshood and Contradiction, or what's as bad, by Spite, Faction or Interest;

144 *The Country Gentleman's*

terest; so that if you take things nakedly without comparing them with the natural Rules of Truth and Probability, you lie open to be impos'd upon by an endless Repetition of Falshoods and Impostures.

Mr. Cowley's With lies always before you; a few Friends, and a few Books, and both true and well chose, are all you want, and indeed, your only proper and acceptable Companions for this Town.

To sum up all, I hope you will not esteem it an uncivil Address, to put you in mind of your Character, by your Birth, Education and by your Estate too; you are a Gentleman, and then I think I need not tell you what it is that is your most adorning Accomplishment: 'tis Vertue, Sir, and 'tis that and nothing else can add a Lustre to your Title. 'Tis that alone can refine and sublimiate your Pleasures, and give a long and glorious Splendour to your Quality.

London, January
10th. 1699.

Farewel.

THE

THE
Country Gentleman's
REPLY.

WHO can resist the Wounds from such a
Dart?

Your Kindness, Sir, has pierc'd my very
Heart,

First to advise, then gently to reprove,

Denotes your Friendship much, but more
your Love.

But that which I admire above the rest,

Distance nor Time han't worn me from your
breast.

L

Wen,

146 The Country Gentleman's

*Well, you have gain'd your Point, and I
agree,*

Ton scurvy Town is not a Place for me.

*No Sir, ye've kindly taught me to be wise,
I loath it now, my Country Life I prize.*

*Beyond the Compass of my native Grange
I rarely, very rarely mean to range.*

*There I breath free, have all I wish, but you,
And, for a Mess, another Friend or two;*

Had I but that, in Triumph I'd retire,

*And leave your City-Toys for Boys and
Fools t'admire.*

*Come then, my Friend, for you shall lead
the Way,*

Make haste, I grow impatient by your Stay.

We'll go together, and then you and I

Can teach each other how to live and die.

We'll take our Turns, till we at last improve

These dismal Vales into a pleasant Grove.

Come

Come then, I dare you now to a Retreat,

*Come, take your Share of my poor homely
Seat ;*

*'Tis true, there's nothing there that I can
boast,*

Beside the friendly Welcom of your Host.

My House is plain, but 'tis convenient too,

*Just fit to entertain another Friend and
you.*

My Orchards and my Gardens, these indeed,

Something I may, and yet not much exceed

My Park's too narrow to endure a Chase,

Once in a Season I can kill a brace ;

*I have a Pond or two, which from a Brook
that's nigh,*

I can o'erflow, or I can soon drain dry ;

*But then I've one thing, Sir, which you
will love,*

A Little, Artless, Melancholy Grove ;

148 *The Country-Gentleman's*

*There we may hear the Morning Lark rejoice,
And now and then the mournful Turtle's
Voice.*

*I have, beside, a little Pack of Hounds,
Enough to hunt the Varmine from my
Bounds.*

*Some other Trifles too I have, which I
Will either keep, or, if you please, throw by.
But that which for all Wants shall make a-
mends,*

*We'll Live like Lovers, and we'll die like
Friends.*

Adieu.

FINIS.

Books printed for *John Harris*,
at the *Harrow*, in *Little-*
Britain.

THE General History of *England*,
both Ecclesiastical and Civil;
from the earliest Accounts of
Time, to the Rign of his Present Maje-
sty, King *William III.* taken from the
most ancient Records, Manuscripts, and
Printed Historians. With Memorials of
the most Eminent Persons in Church
and State; as also the Foundations of the
most noted Monasteries, and both Uni-
versities. Vol. 1. By *James Tyrrel*, Esq;
Price 20 s.

The Secret History of *White-Hall*,
from the Restoration of King *Charles II.*
down to the Abdication of the late King
James. Writ at the Request of a Noble
Lord, and conveyed to him in Letters
by ——— late Secretary ——— Interpreter
to the Marquis of *Louvois*, who by
that means had the Perusal of all the Pri-
vate Minutes between *England* and *France*
for many Years. The whole consisting of
Secret

Secret Memoirs, which have hitherto lain conceal'd, as not being discoverable by any other Hand. Publish'd from the original Papers, by D. Jones, Gent. Price 5 s.

A Continuation of the Secret History of *White-ball*; from the Abdication of the late King *James*, in 1688. to the Year 1696. Writ at the Request of a Noble Lord, and convey'd to him in Letters by—late Secretary Interpreter to the Marquis of *Louvois*, who by that means had the Perusal of all the Private Minutes between *England* and *France* for many Years. The whole consisting of Secret Memoirs, which have hitherto lain conceal'd, as not being discoverable by any other Hand. Publish'd from the Original Papers: Together with the tragical History of the *Stuarts*, from the first Rise of that Family, in the year 1068, down to the Death of Her late Majesty, *Queen Mary*, of blessed Memory. By D. Jones, Gent. Price 5 s.

Medicina Practica; or, *Practical Physick*. Shewing the Method of Curing the most Usual Diseases happening to human Bodies. As all sorts of Aches and Pains, Apoplexies, Agues, Bleeding, Fluxes, Gripings,

Gripings, Wind, Shortness of Breath, Diseases of the Breast and Lungs, Abortion, Want of Appetite, Loss of the Use of Limbs, Cholick, or Belly-ach, Apostems, Thrushes, Quinsies, Deafness, Bubo's, Cachexia, Stone in the Reins, and Stone in the Bladder: With the Preparation of the *Pracipolam*, or *Universal Medicine* of *Paracelsus*. To which is added, the Philosophick Works of *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Kalid Persicus*, *Geber Arabs*, *Artesius Longevus*, *Nicholas Flammel*, *Roger Bacon*, and *George Ripley*. All translated out of the best *Latin* Editions, into *English*; and carefully Claused or divided into Chapters and Sections, for the more pleasant Reading, and easier Understanding of those Authors. Together with a singular Comment upon the first Book of *Hermes*, the most Ancient of Philosophers. The whole compleated in Three Books. By *William Salmon*, Professor of Physick. Price 5 s.

Panarithmologia; being a Mirror for Merchants, a Breviate for Bankers, a Treasure for Tradesmen, a Mate for Mechanicks, and a sure Guide for Purchasers, Sellers or Mortgagers, Land-Leasers, Annuities, Rents, Pensions, &c. in present

lent Possession, or Reversion. And a
Constant Concomitant, fitted for all
mens Occasions. In Three Parts. All
perform'd by Tables ready cast up,
whereby all Questions relating to any of
the forementioned Particulars, are easily
and exactly resolved, without the Aid of
Arithmetick, for the most part by Inspe-
ction into the Table only: and (in any
Case) by common Addition and Subtra-
ction. All which Tables are made easie
by Variety of Examples. Calculated
and Publish'd by *W. Leybourn*. To which
is added a necessary Appendix containing
Heads or Daily Life to all Traders.
Price 5 s.

An Account of the first Voyages and
Discoveries made by the *Spaniards* in *Ame-
rica*; containing the most Exact Relation
hitherto publish'd of their unparallel'd
Cruelties on the *Indians*, in the Destruction
of above Forty Millions of People. With
the Propositions offer'd to the King of
Spain to prevent the further Ruin of the
West Indies. By *Don Bartholomew de las
Casas*, Bishop of *Chiapa*, who was an Eye-
witness of their Cruelties. Illustrated with
Cuts. To which is added, *The Art of
Travelling*, showing how a man may di-
rect of his Travels to the best Advantage.

